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THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA—A RECORD HAUL OF PYTHONS.

Among H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's experiences in India, one of the most exciting was that of his shooting party near Hyderabad, where the day's sport was diversified by an adventure with pythons. While passing through a rocky jungle, the tail of one of these huge reptiles was seen hanging from a crevice in some rocks. Ordinary mortals might have been reasonably excused for giving such fearsome creatures a wide berth, but experienced sportsmen like Messrs. W. C. and T. Theobald acted quite otherwise, for, seizing the projecting tail, they dragged it by main force from its lair, a man standing by to cover its head with a cloth immediately it emerged. No sooner was it thus captured than another was seen to be coiled in the same place, which was taken in like manner, whereupon still others were found to be in the hole; and in all no less than five were obtained, perhaps making the largest haul of pythons ever captured together. They were all placed in a cart and taken away, the Prince being deeply interested in the adventure.

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THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Strange Mystery of a Steamer.

A mysterious and sensational incident occurred at Barry Docks, Cardiff, early on Saturday morning.

Dock workers had just returned to work after breakfast, when they heard faint sounds of knocking on the side of the steamer *Itahana*, which was lying loaded with coal under No. 29 tip, says the *Daily Express*.

There was no mistake about the knocking. Indeed, as early as three o'clock in the morning a faint voice was heard coming from one of the holds of the steamer, and the men were now convinced that the tapping was the last despairing appeal of a man who was imprisoned among the cargo.

Photo, Russell.

Captain R. F. Scott, commander of the National Antarctic Expedition, who was presented with the gold medal of the American Geographical Society by the American Ambassador last Monday.

Members of the crew and others stood on the quayside and shouted. They waited amid breathless silence for a reply, but none came.

Then they knocked on the ship's side, and again listened. The response was one or two faint raps, which apparently originated in the fore bunker hatch, and it became clear that the unseen knocker was buried among the coals.

Boiler-makers were at once fetched from the graving-dock, and they proceeded to remove plates from the ship's side in order to get at the imprisoned man.

Meanwhile the incident had caused a considerable sensation. The crews of other ships and hundreds of men employed in the docks crowded round the vessel, watching the operations and speculating on the question whether the man was now dead or alive, and whether he was a stowaway or a workman.

The boiler-makers cut out plates in the between-deck bulkhead, and several coal trimmers proceeded to search the bunker hatch in the lower hold, without, however, finding any trace of a human being.

They stated that it was quite possible that when they walked over the coal the man might have become further buried in it, and was probably dead.

Some of the officers of the steamer declared that they had not only heard rappings in the morning, but also a low voice from the bunker hold.

Later, Mr. Skinner, Board of Trade surveyor, visited the vessel, and another search was made, and, this proving futile, the steamer proceeded to sea in the afternoon with the mystery still unsolved.

Some of the members of the crew objected to going out to sea in the vessel, but as they had signed articles they had no option but to obey orders.

A graphic story was afterwards told by a coal trimmer named Thomas Bennett.

"I first heard the rapping about three o'clock in the morning," he said. "I was standing over the hatchway and distinctly heard knocking among the bunkers. I at once thought there was a possibility of someone being down the hold, and called the captain and other officers of the ship.

"The captain tapped several times, and each time there was a tapping in reply.

"This tapping continued for several hours until just before the boiler-makers came. The noise was like someone knocking the side of the ship with a lump of coal.

"None of the coal-trimmers are missing, but it is impossible to say whether the bunker men are all safe, as they have gone home—some to Barry and others to Cardiff."

Photo, Russell.

Colonel Cowans, appointed Director of Military Education in India.

A Desperate Plight.

An exciting story comes from Padua, where last week a man "wanted" by the police for theft took to his heels, and, being followed, fired two revolver shots at his pursuers. Then, as the cavalry platoon hemmed him in, he wounded one of the horses with a third shot, frightening the rest out of his way.

Finally, being brought to bay again, he shot a corporal of gendarmes dead and seriously injured another soldier, afterwards starting off on a further run, which resulted in his capture.

Photo, Underwood.

THE KAISER'S DAUGHTER: A snapshot of the only daughter of the Kaiser walking in the public park in Berlin. Photographs of this young lady are very difficult to obtain, and it is doubtful whether a snapshot of this character has ever been obtained before.

Vesuvius in Eruption.

The eruption of Mount Vesuvius increased to a terrifying extent on Saturday and Sunday. A new crater was formed, tons of "incandescent rocks" were thrown 3,000ft. into the air, and streams of lava, one of which was 26ft. high and 600ft. wide, spread in all directions.

Photo, Park.

Captain Alexander Simpson, who has just completed 2,000,000 miles.

A number of towns and villages have been destroyed or cut off by the lava, including Somma, Ottajano, Bosco Trecase, and Torre Annunciata. Thousands of terror-stricken peasants have fled to Naples, and the destruction of crops and property has been appalling.

According to latest telegrams, the loss of life has so far been comparatively small, owing to the heroic rescues by the troops stationed within the danger area. The lives of many peasants were endangered, however, owing to their attempt to carry with them as much property as possible.

The King of Italy is expected to leave Rome for Naples to-morrow.

Warships have been ordered to Naples to assist in the removal of refugees from threatened towns on the seacoast, and the vessels in the harbour have steam up, in readiness for emergencies. Showers of ashes have fallen in towns sixty miles from the crater.

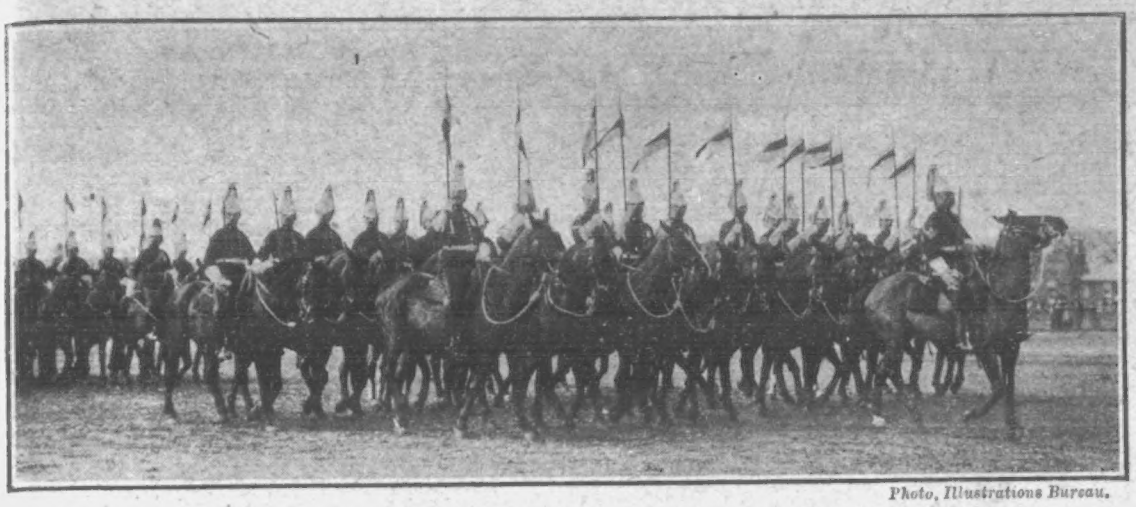
Garden Rockeries.

Garden rockeries should have attention at this time (writes our Gardening Correspondent). They are apt to require it after the winter's wear. It is also the best time for planting some new occupants of the pockets and spaces. Even in the smoke and dust of towns there are many plants which will flourish amazingly on rockeries that dwindle and pine in a border. The possibility of suiting them exactly with the soil they like, the convenience for treating each one specially as regards watering, etc., the effectiveness of the drainage, and the natural warmth of the stonework, all help to make the plants feel at home. Some of the more vigorous growers of the rockery are apt to take advantage of their favourable environments, and to seek extension of their territories by encroaching on the domains of their neighbours. Owners of rockeries must have this danger in view, and keep the ambitious ones in check, if the choicest plants are to be preserved in being. All rampant growers should be closely watched, and every tendency to encroachment checked remorselessly. In planting fresh occupants, the habits of each new plant should be studied, and a suitable position for it chosen. The advantage of a rockery judiciously planned is that almost all the tastes of plants can be met. Sunshine and shade, dry positions and moist ones, naturally exist on almost all rockeries. It is this feature which makes a tasteful rockery so interesting an addition to even the smallest of town and suburban gardens. The owner adds largely to his choice of suitable plants to grow in his limited space. A hint may be added to watch the plants, which are apt to grow out of the soil. A top dressing at this time will do them much good.

Princess Frederick, the eldest daughter of the new King of Denmark, who has just died. She was a niece of Queen Alexandra.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE CHINESE COMMISSION IN LONDON: The commissioners walking across Regent's Park on their way to lunch with the Lord Mayor.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

PRINCESS ROYAL AND HER REGIMENT: The 7th Dragoon Guards marching past.

Soldiers on Strike.

Twenty-two British soldiers have gone on strike.

They belonged to a detachment of Durham Light Infantry, and the strike occurred while they were performing relief duty at Haulbowline Island, Cork Harbour.

The soldiers considered the work they were given to do was too arduous, and declared their intention of remaining idle until they were given lighter labour.

They were promptly arrested, and will be given a rest until such time as the court-martial hears their defence.

King Alfonso's Camel.

King Alfonso arrived at Cadiz from the Canaries at eight o'clock on Sunday.

He has brought back with him a great many presents, including a camel and large quantities of fruit and flowers. He experienced very rough weather on the voyage back. One seaman was badly injured, and was presented with £20 by the King.

King Alfonso was met at Cadiz by Señor Moret, the Premier, Prince Carlos of the Asturias, and the Infanta Teresa. They went on board the gunboat, and travelled up the Guadalquivir to Seville.

Here an enormous crowd had gathered to meet them, in spite of the stormy weather. The Royal party was cheered enthusiastically, and many cheers were given for Princess Ena. The Liberal Club presented the King with a gigantic corbeille of flowers composed of 10,000 red and yellow pinks tied with ribbons in the British and Spanish national colours.

The King leaves Madrid on Easter Monday for Ferrol to attend the launch of his new boat. He will leave for the Isle of Wight about the 18th.

Great Coal Strike.

The gigantic strike, which, if long continued, will mean a loss of many millions of pounds to American industries, began in the coalfields of Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Indiana last Saturday.

Over 500,000 miners laid down their tools and declared, in obedience to their union, that they would not take them up again until the new scale of wages, giving back to the men the 5½ per cent. reduction taken from them two years ago, is conceded.

For months past the strike has been threatening, and vast preparations have been made by the Coal Trust—which, though but five or six years old, controls 98 per cent. of the coal output—to fight the men's union.

Many millions of tons of coal have been stored—estimated in all at nearly 400,000,000—and this will be available for the railway companies.

It is not expected, however, that the supply will last more than two months at the utmost, and should the strike extend beyond that time, widespread loss and distress will result.

The men's union is strong both in funds and organisation. A strike fund of at least £1,500,000 is already in hand.

A few individual mine-owners, who are outside the Trust, are stated to be willing to sign the new scale, and it is possible that by the end of the week some 20,000 or 30,000 men may again be at work.

The retail price of coal, already high, went up 3s. a ton yesterday, and during this week it is likely to reach famine prices.

Swansea, the centre of the anthracite coal shipping business of Wales, is the principal port in Europe affected by the strike in the American coalfields.

A boom similar to that created on the occasion of the last American strike is looked for. Although vast stocks of anthracite coal have been accumulated in the States in anticipation of the trouble, the requirements are just as large, and within the present week cable orders to charter steamers are expected.

Photo, Mills.

The Grand Old Man of Salvationism: General Booth, who celebrated his 77th birthday last Saturday. A great meeting of his followers was held at the Crystal Palace, and an address given by their aged chief.

The French and their Poultry.

The French are not behind ourselves in organisation for the promotion of a progressive movement in relation to the production of poultry and eggs. Another syndicate has just been formed in that country chiefly composed of merchants and exporters of the eggs and poultry produced in West Central France. The objects are: (1) The encouragement of the producer and the improvement of the laying properties of fowls in order to obtain eggs of first quality and size; (2) to demonstrate to the producer that it is to his interest to provide eggs and poultry of the very best type, and such as will realise in the open market the very best prices; (3) to obtain such concessions as will enable those concerned to transport eggs and poultry leaving Paris for the suburbs to be relieved of the duties which are at present charged; (4) to obtain the complete suppression, so far as Paris is concerned, of the octroi duties on eggs, the egg being regarded as a food of the primest necessity; (5) to obtain from the railway companies modifications in their charges for conveyance, these charges being much too high when compared with the tariffs charged for conveyance between different countries.

Coincidence of Superstition.

Mr. Morris Stein, auditor to the Western Ohio Railway Company, on being asked to subscribe towards the expenses of a ball, looked at the subscription list, and observed that one of the few spaces vacant was opposite the number thirteen.

Laughingly remarking that he would defy superstition, he signed his name against the figures. He was the only passenger killed in a railway collision next day.

Labour M.P. and the Peeress.

Years ago, when as a Labour M.P. Mr. Broadhurst was regarded with alarm, there was a country-house story of him, well enough invented, says the *Saturday Review*, if not true. A Liberal peeress, Lady P——, was entertaining him, the Duke of Argyll, and others at her husband's country seat. She was, and is, a strong Liberal, and inveighed against the House of Lords. It would be swept away, if it did not reform, she said, with fervour. "Yes, Mrs. P——," said the genial Labour M.P., "and how will you like that?" "Lady P——, if you please, sir!" she replied, haughtily, drawing herself up.

Killed by a Bomb.

M. Sleptzoff, Governor of Tver, was killed last week by a bomb while driving in his carriage. The assassination was committed near the cathedral.

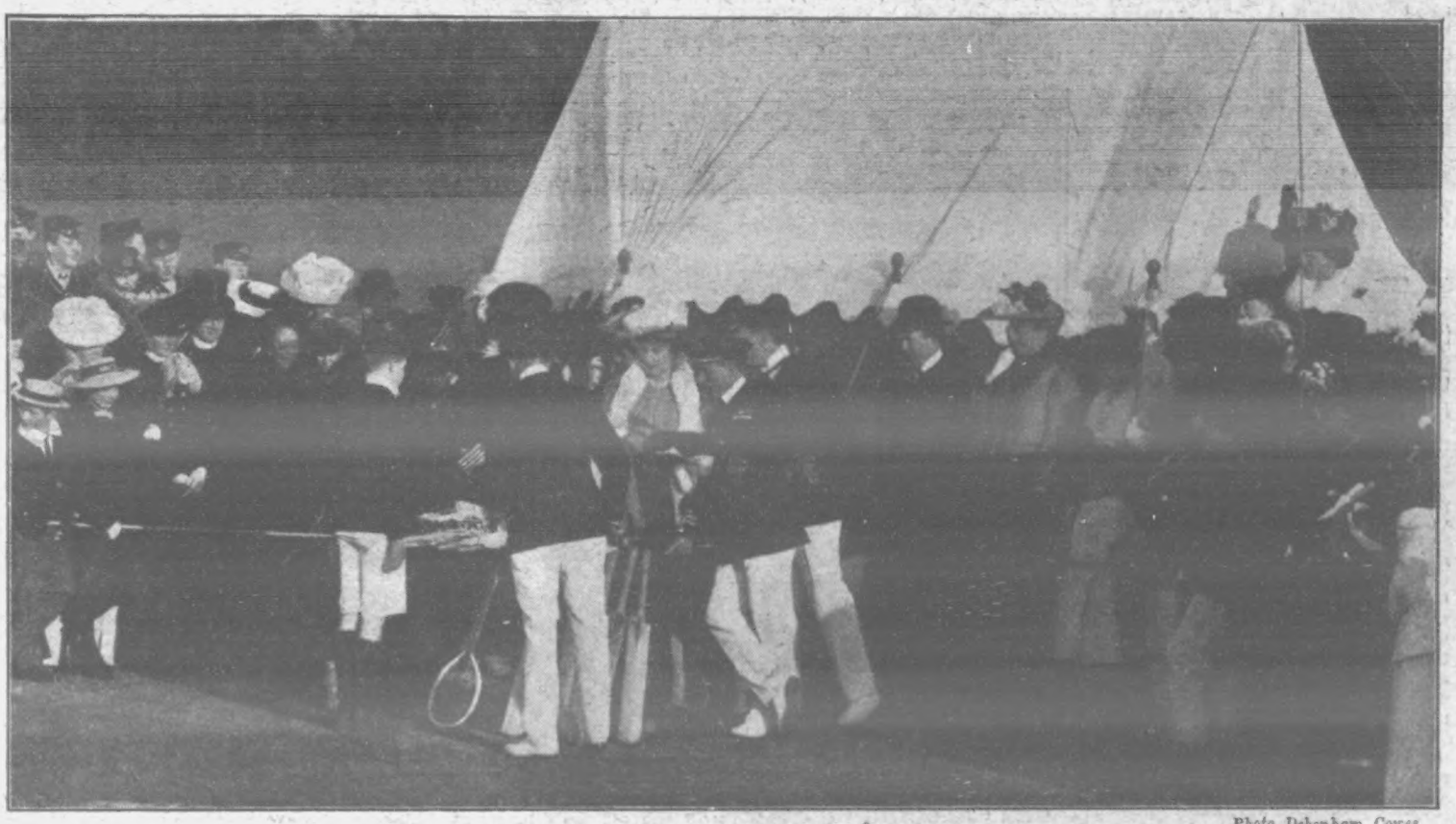
The bomb was evidently hurled into the Governor's lap, as only his legs remained in the carriage. The trunk and head were found several yards away. Of the passers-by three ladies and two boys were slightly injured, and the Governor's coachman was severely wounded.

A young man was arrested on the spot where the crime was committed on suspicion of being implicated in it, as his face and workman's clothes were covered with blood. According to his papers, he is an inhabitant of Saratoff, named Bougatchev, aged eighteen years.

For the last fortnight the Governor has had recourse to extreme measures of precaution. The palace guard has been reinforced, the five large halls of the palace have been closed, and the stoves in them lit by police agents.

Photo, Russell.

The Late Lord Alwyne Compton, ex-Bishop of Ely.



Photo, Debenham, Cowes.

ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE SPORTS AT OSBORNE Princess Ena distributing the prizes to the cadets after the sports.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

PRINCESS ROYAL AND HER REGIMENT: The Princess Royal (Duchess of Fife) presenting a new Standard to the 7th Dragoon Guards at Canterbury.

Aquatic and Bog Plants.

We are asked by several readers for a few directions for planting hardy water-lilies, bulrushes, etc., says a correspondent in the *Field*. Where there is water it is not difficult to make a water garden, but no water gardening is effective that is not done on natural lines. Cement tanks, formal pits, whilst they may be serviceable in providing accommodation for water-loving plants, can never be made to look pleasing. We have seen excellent results obtained by diverting a small stream, opening it out into swamp and lakelet, and then planting it with the right kinds of plants. There is less difficulty in making a water garden where a pond is available. The essential thing to do is to follow nature in the disposition of the plants. If the sides are not shallow, they must be made so by lowering the soil near the water to form an irregular and shallow margin. In this many plants will thrive, such as Japanese and English iris, acorus, arundo, alisma, butomus, calthas, sedges, horsetails, ferns, especially osmunda, gunnera, Richardia, juncus, bog myrtle, Primula japonica and P. rosea (on margin near water), cypripedium spectabile, Saxifraga peltata, Rodgersia podophylla, sarracenia, spiræa, trollius, etc. These are more or less bold in character. Then there are hosts of small plants which would be perfectly happy in or close to the water edge, such as grass of parnassus, cotton grass, loose-strife, daffodil, sisyrinchium, water polygonum, fritillaria, convallaria, hottonia, water mint, trillium, bog bean, etc.

In the deeper water must be planted the nymphæas, nuphars, bulrush (Scirpus lacustric), reed mace (typha), aponogeton, and in sheltered situations the stately nelumbium might be tried. The material available for the creation of a charming water garden is abundant and varied, but everything depends on judgment in its selection and the taste shown in the disposition of the plants used. The wise plan, we say again, is to copy nature.

The best time to plant is during March and the first week in April. Plants with good root-stocks may be sunk in position by attaching a heavy stone to them; but if the soil at the bottom is not good, then the plants should be set in good soil in shallow willow baskets, and lowered into position. Nymphæas, if choice, should always be treated in this way. Common plants that do not die easily may be enveloped in clay and thrown into the water. If fish or birds are likely to be troublesome good-sized stones should be put over the soil after the plants are in. The newer nymphæas, which are costly, and when first received from the dealers small, should, if possible, be started in pots in a tank or large tub in a greenhouse, and planted in the open towards the end of June, by which time they should be well rooted and have a few natural leaves. They should be put into baskets of good soil before lowering them into position in the pond.

Fatal Fall of Ninety Feet.

Three men were killed and another seriously injured near Derby on Saturday by the falling of a trap over a cliff ninety feet high.

The accident was due primarily to fright on the part of the horse that was drawing the trap, in which the men were riding from Oldham in the direction of Ripponden. Between Rishworth and Derby the road runs beside Derby Delph, a hollow quite ninety feet deep. The road is protected by a wall.

A number of sheep ran from a culvert in front of the horse, which immediately took fright and backed the carriage against the wall with such force as to break it. The vehicle and all its occupants were thrown into the Delph.

Those who were killed outright were Thomas Shaw, William Kenworthy, and William Smithies, all of Lane Side, Shaw.

George Seed, the fourth member of the party, escaped death, but was seriously injured. He was conveyed to Oldham Infirmary in a passing motor-car.

Photo, P.I.P.

AN UNUSUAL SIGHT: Cavalry clearing the course at the Household Brigade Steeplechases. At ordinary race meetings this duty is performed by mounted police.

To Post-card Collectors.

In view of the fact that "Tuck's" post-cards are recognised and collected in every part of the world as the Standard Picture Post-cards, Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Son are about to issue a "Tuck's" Post-card Collectors' Exchange Register, in which will be printed, free of charge, the names and addresses of collectors who desire to exchange "Tuck's" post-cards with collectors either in the United Kingdom or any other country. If you wish to take advantage of this "Exchange Register," all you have to do is to send your name and address on a "Tuck" picture post-card to "Tuck's" Post-card Collectors' Exchange Register, Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, Limited, Raphael House, Moorfields, London.

Duel at Monte Carlo.

An exciting duel took place at Monte Carlo last Friday between Mr. Joseph Magin, a South African financier, and Herr Ernest Wahrmann, an ex-Austrian commercial attaché, who has seen service in London and Berlin. The cause was a private dispute in which the two men had engaged on the previous evening.

Two revolver shots were first exchanged without result, and then the combatants fought with cavalry swords. Both duellists received slight wounds.

Chance for Treasure-hunters.

Mr. W. St. John Hope, the antiquarian, thinks that King John's treasure, which is believed to include the crown jewels, lies in an accessible place near Sutton Bridge.

The King's treasure was lost nearly 700 years ago. Mr. Hope has worked out the tides back to the day on which the occurrence took place, and suggests that shafts should be sunk to find the treasure.

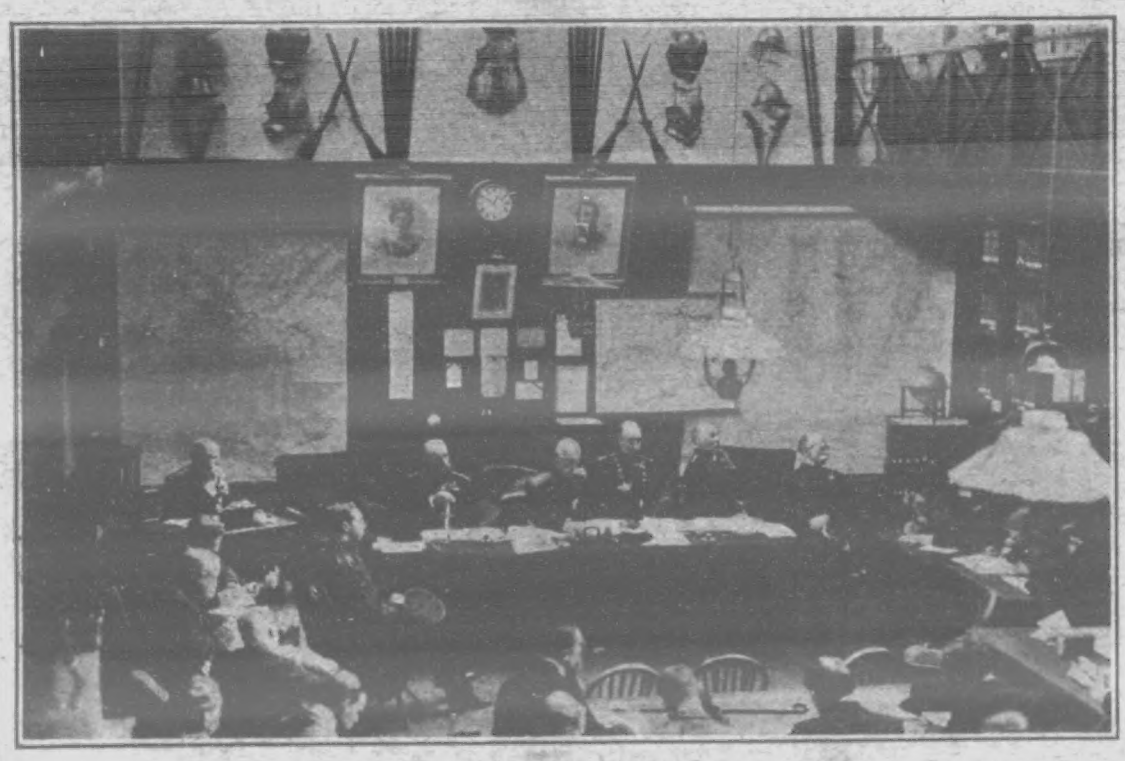
Armoured Motor-car.

A motor-car, protected with armoured steel and armed with a gatling gun ready for instant service, has been ordered from the Thomas Motor Company by Mr. L. H. Hart, of Boston, for use at the Mexican gold mines. It will cost £1,000.

The motor-car will be brought into service in the transportation of gold from the mines, frequent attacks by Indian and Mexican brigands having made some form of protection a necessity.

Poppies.

Poppies of even the common varieties are among the most brilliantly-coloured garden flowers, and are invaluable for border decoration and useful for cutting. The Shirleys—named after the Rev. W. Wilks, who is the vicar of Shirley, near Croydon—and the Ranunculus are especially fine, each kind containing an almost endless variety of colour, many of them being beautifully striped and edged with white. The annuals are all hardy, and seed should be sown early in April, in the open border where they are to flower. The perennials may be sown from May to August. A feature of the poppies which should not be overlooked is that if cut and placed in water as the flowers are just opening they will remain in full beauty for a long time.



THE "RAGGING" INQUIRY: In the officers' library at Aldershot the court of inquiry ordered by Mr. Haldane, Secretary of State for War, on the alleged ragging of Second-Lieutenant Clark-Kennedy, of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards, by his brother officers, was held last week. Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Morton is sitting as president, and with him are Lieutenant-General A. S. Wynne, Major-General Sir Francis Howard, Brigadier-General Brown, and Colonel A. E. Codrington (on the right).

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE "RAGGING" INQUIRY: Lieutenant-Colonel Cuthbert, in command of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards, and Second-Lieutenant Clark-Kennedy outside the court of inquiry room at Aldershot.

General Booth's Birthday.

Thousands on thousands of Salvationists flocked to the Crystal Palace on Saturday and joyously celebrated General Booth's seventy-seventh birthday.

From two o'clock in the afternoon until eight in the evening the Army gave itself up to rejoicing. There were band selections innumerable, a social demonstration in the theatre, a foreign demonstration in the concert hall, a band festival, physical drill by young people of the Army, and a great thanksgiving service in the centre transept.

Hymns, lustily sung, and addresses, delivered in fervent tones, followed, and then the General, whose strong voice carried to the extreme limits of the hall, spoke of the joy of living, of the hope of a further long lease of life, and of a continuous dedication of his efforts to the good of others.

The record sum of £72,731 was collected by the Salvation Army during self-denial week.

P.I.P. SNAPSHOTS.

A writer in *The Lady* states that authors would be better if they slept more. But even now it is not difficult to catch the average author napping.

The vicar of a Kentish parish writes in his magazine: "The solemn mission has come and gone, and I am sure we all thank God for it."

We doubt if this is quite what the reverend gentleman meant.

"Many roads in this district are unfit for motoring," is the report of a county surveyor to his council. The council have decided to leave well alone.

We thank the numerous correspondents who have written to state the name of the King of Spain's favourite musical instrument. It is now well-known to be the Consort-Ena, and it is unnecessary to give further publicity of the fact.

The following advertisement appears in a provincial paper:

Can any lady recommend a first-rate head housemaid of three for the country?

We tremble to think of the ages of the under housemaids.

More commercial candour. The following appears on several hoardings in London and the provinces: "——'s Pills for Indigestion. The cause of most ailments."

CRITICUS.

EXCITING EVENTS OF THE WEEK AT HOME AND ABROAD.

1. A French Deputy's fearful experience. When at the dentist's, the operator went mad and pulled out all his teeth, the Deputy being threatened with a revolver whenever he attempted to move.
2. Near the village of Muhleback, vultures attacked a young girl in a meadow, and before help could arrive wounded her severely. Her hair was torn out, and one eye was injured.
3. The elephants belonging to a circus at Cincinnati broke from their quarters and caused much damage and alarm. They tore up trees and fences, and finally broke into a negro church where service was going on. The worshippers escaped by the windows, but the interior of the building was wrecked by the angry animals.
4. A dramatic scene occurred at the conclusion of the sitting of the Grimsby County Court, a tailor named Swaby firing a revolver at Mr. John Barker, a well-known solicitor, and afterwards attempting to commit suicide.
5. A Sergeant of the North-West Mounted Police brought a lunatic 400 miles on a sleigh. At times the madman was so violent that he had to be strapped down.

P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

"THE GARDENER'S MONTH-BY-MONTH GUIDE TO SUCCESS": HINTS FOR THE HORTICULTURIST. Drawn by Charles Crombie.

Gladioli for Market.

These flowers are popular as cut spikes in almost every market town, and those who have not got their first batch into the ground should do so at once. The plant does best in a soil that is both rich and friable, and where these conditions do not exist it is better to plant in trenches cut with the spade at a distance apart of 18in. to 2ft., and just the width of the spade. If these are cut to a uniform depth of 6in., and then have some light rich soil put along the bottoms, and the corms put along each side of the trench at from 9in. to 12in. apart on each side, planting in zig-zag order, covering the corms either with the prepared soil or with some of the best from the weathered surface, the spikes of bloom will be longer and finer, and the new corm larger than they would be if planted in unfavourable soil direct. Such varieties as Sanderii may be planted more closely both in the row and from row to row, or they may be planted at 8in. apart in 4ft. beds with 14in. alleys between. Childsii, Brenchleyensis, and the magnificent Gandavensis hybrids must have the most room, and plantings should be successional, so that all the flowers do not come in at one time. In cutting these spikes for market, care should be taken to do this when only two or three blooms are expanded. The salesmen can then keep them a day or two if sales are slow.

Lincolnshire Buff Fowls.

The so-called Lincolnshire buff is old-established, and has been known in Lincolnshire for many years. It is not recognised as an exhibition fowl, and until the buff Orpington made its appearance it was comparatively unknown outside the county that gave its name, except as a good all-round farmer's breed. Scores have been sold in London markets as table fowls, and many clean-legged specimens have been disposed of by unscrupulous dealers as buff Orpingtons. Some strains of the latter variety are said to have had Lincolnshire blood infused into them. There is not a standard of excellence for it; in fact, it clashes too much with the buff Orpington ever to be able to hold its place in the show pen, the two varieties only differing in legs, those of the Lincolnshire being a trifle longer and slightly feathered. If you ever saw any of the first imported buff Cochins, or, as they were called, Shanghais, then you saw what is now known as the Lincolnshire buff. Years ago the farmers and poultry-keepers of Lincolnshire bred fowls of the Dorking type, but finding them unsuitable for the climate and surroundings they ran Mooney cocks with their hens; and when the buff Cochin boom was on, males of that breed were mated with their hens. The desire was to obtain a breed of good all-round fowls, the cockerels of which would grow well for table, and the pullets be good layers. Lincolnshire Buffs are much longer-legged, of slimmer build, and carry much less leg feathering than do Cochins. From such crossing as we have mentioned, and taking into consideration the fact that no attention whatever was paid to the colour and the markings of the plumage, it is easy to understand that the breed will not "throw true," and that all sorts of specimens may be produced from even the best-mated pen.

The Camellia in the Open Air.

Although it is quite true that the camellia will stand with impunity a greater degree of cold than the common laurel, the laurustinus, and other shrubs which are generally considered hardy, yet the main stems and the stouter branches are, nevertheless, susceptible to injury from severe frosts, says a writer in *Gardening Illustrated*. The camellia and similar hard-wooded plants are liable in very severe winters to have their main stems and stronger branches not only cracked, but split into longitudinal shreds. All that is necessary to protect the plant at this weak point is to closely enwrap the stem with straw or hay-bands, laying at the same time a little fern or other loose material over the roots. The portions of the stems near the ground are always the most liable to suffer, while the leaves and smaller branches will bear any amount of frost with impunity, always, of course, provided the stems are protected as just advised. In some cases the foliage comes down close to the ground, this protecting the stems from injury. Such was the case in the Royal Horticultural Gardens at Chiswick, where there used to be several fine plants in a border facing the north. As regards culture, there is very little to be said. Give the camellia the shade of a north wall protected from the wind and a well-drained border. Let the soil be firmly rammed round the roots in planting, then watered for a time, till the plants get established. June is the best month to plant them out, and care should be taken to well harden-off the plants before placing permanently in the open air. No greater mistake can be made than planting them in a shady "nook." In such a position they are no doubt protected, but that would prove anything but beneficial in the end, free exposure in summer promoting free flowering and ripening up the wood to withstand frost.

Pricking Off Tomatoes.

Many growers who go in for tomatoes in the open air have to deal with soils that are loose and gritty, and the seedlings are boxed for final growth until transference to the open air (on account of the running soil); when these plants are taken out of the boxes much of the soil falls away from the roots, causing sometimes the loss of the plants altogether. In such cases where good fibrous turf is obtainable, this may be cut to a thickness of 2in. and be turned grass side downwards in boxes or frames, having just a small dusting of sandy soil spread over them. The seedlings can then be pricked out in the usual way at from 4in. to 6in. apart, and when wanted for planting out a sharp tool can be passed midway between the plants in all directions through the soil and turf, and the plants be lifted with their roots in the squares, and so be transferred to the open ground without disturbance, or at least any disturbance that will harm them. If the plants are 5in. or 6in. high the turf with the roots can be buried in the soil for 1in. or so. In all cases where this plan is adopted the utmost care must be exercised that the plants are not allowed to get drawn and soft, and in planting out, a pinch of soot close up to the stem will help to keep insect pests away.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

DEER WHICH KILLED A MAN: While walking through Greenwich Park reading a newspaper a man named Sadler was injured by deer on the edge of the path in the foreground, and has died. The deer is remarkably tame, and is accustomed to be fed from paper bags.

Photo, Moffatt.

THE MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS OF LINLITHGOW: The Marquis, who is here seen with his harriers, is now lying dangerously ill owing to a severe accident in the hunting field.

The Schipperke Dog.

The little Dutch dog, the Schipperke, which is so great a favourite with the bargee of his native Holland, has become very popular in England since he was introduced to the notice of home fanciers barely twenty years ago. I can well remember the sensation caused by the appearance of the first Schipperke at an English show, Mr. W. R. Temple, I believe, being his owner, and he was quickly followed, Mr. G. R. Krehl and Mr. Woodiwiss having much to do with the importation of other good "Ships." It was the latter who brought out that wonderful dog Shtoots which won so many prizes in England and also in America, and, although really good Schipperkes are common enough nowadays, I do not think that one of the present-day champions approaches Shtoots in all-round quality. In appearance the Schipperke is a tailless, alert little dog, foxy in head and expression, and of a restless disposition. A marked characteristic is that he always appears to be on the look-out for something, a habit, no doubt, descending to him from his ancestors who were kept on the barges as water-dogs. To this day, indeed, the Schipperke can be seen on the Dutch boats which ply on the canals of Holland. A quaint, lovable little dog, a trusty companion, and a particularly fine watch-dog, it cannot be wondered at that the "Ship" has earned great popularity.

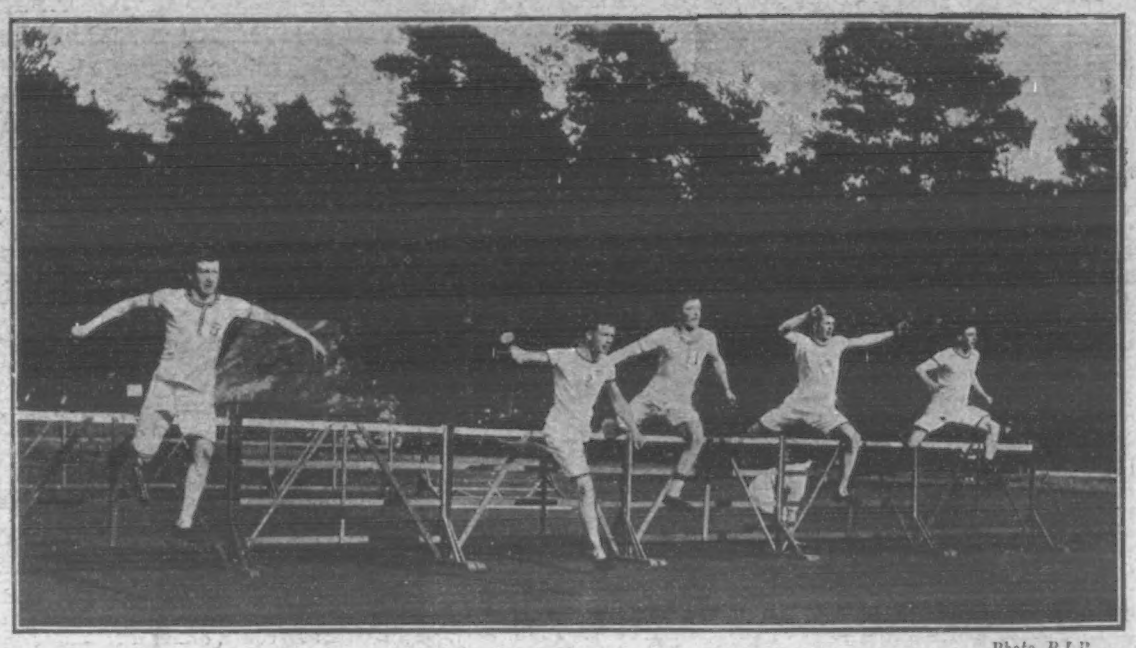
Decomposition of Manure.

The decomposition of manure depends largely upon the amount of moisture in the heap. When manure is dry the chemical changes occur slowly, but more rapidly when the heap is wet. When manure is mixed with a liberal supply of absorbent materials, and stored under shelter, it will undergo but little change, but when wanted for use it may be decomposed in a short time if saturated with urine. If the bedding used in the stalls is cut fine, it will serve the purpose desired fully as well as when uncut, but the main advantage is that the fine material may be more intimately mixed with manure, and will then better absorb the liquids, to say nothing of the easier handling, loading, and distribution of the manure on the fields when the season arrives for spreading it. Much of the value of manure is lost by mismanagement. The quantity of manure made by a cow in one year is very large, especially if all the liquids and solids are saved. With the use of litter it is claimed that a cow will make a ton of manure a month, but this estimate includes the absorbent materials of the litter, which serve to prevent loss rather than to add anything of value to the manure.

Photo, Baker & Muggeridge.

Newbury Meeting: H. Blades, weighing in for Mr. S. Joel's Chestnut for the Newbury Spring Cup.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.



Photo, P.I.P.

THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE v. ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY SPORTS: The hurdle race.

FOOTBALL.

After the manner in which the English League team beat the representatives of the Scottish League at Chelsea, it was only natural that one would look upon the international game between the two countries as a "good thing" for England. But, in football, as in every other strenuous game, accidents have to be taken into account, and the fact that Makepeace—who substituted for Houlker at half-back for England—was hurt in the early stages of the game, absolutely disarms criticism. The accident is all the more regrettable inasmuch as we rightly look upon the Association game between England and Scotland as the greatest football event of the year. Ardent Rugbeians may take exception to this statement, but it is a fact, notwithstanding. The final tie of the English Cup is, perhaps, the most popular match during the whole of the year, but for science one looks to England *v.* Scotland to provide the best fare. And much of that good fare was provided by Anglo-Scots on Saturday.

In the circumstances that happened it is not necessary to go very deeply into details. Scotland certainly deserved their victory, and had they had their deserts, they would have won by half a dozen goals. They were attacking for three-parts of the game, and at one time Ashcroft was as sorely beset as ever he has been in his long career as a goalkeeper.

Howie scored the only goal of the first half, and the same player had the distinction of gaining his country's second point in the later half. Close to the end Shepherd scored, following a free kick, but England never looked like drawing level. There has, of course, been a lot of grumbling about the English selection committee choosing two amateurs to perform between three professionals in the forward line, but small notice need be taken of this. The fact that the English side was crippled by the injury to Makepeace knocks all the bottom out of their argument.

Yet, in spite of their loss at half-back, England did not do badly. In fact, the game was one of the finest ever witnessed, and the 80,000 spectators who attended the "classic" inclosure at Hampden Park, Glasgow, saw some of the most skilful play ever brought out for the delectation of football enthusiasts. S. H. Day was not a success, and at outside right Bond had few chances, but for the rest scarcely anything can be said to the detriment of the players.

Preston North End gained a brace of League points at Nottingham, and thus brought themselves closer to Liverpool in the running for the League championship. They had by far the better of the play, and won by 4 goals to 1. Woolwich Arsenal surprised Manchester City by winning at Hyde Road by 2 goals to 1, and Middlesbrough gained a remarkable victory over Stoke by 5 goals to nil. Derby County played a draw with Birmingham, as did also Sheffield Wednesday with Sunderland, and Everton with Wolverhampton Wanderers. The latter result does not augur well for Everton in the final tie of the English Cup next week. Bury defeated Bolton Wanderers by 2 goals to 1, which score was also made at Nottingham, where the Forest succumbed to Blackburn Rovers.

The Southern League championship seems sure to go to Fulham. They played a most taking game against Northampton, and won easily by 3 goals to 1. Of course, Southampton, who proved superior to Swindon by three clear goals, have a chance, but they will find it a difficult matter to displace the West Londoners. Portsmouth played a draw of 3 goals each with Reading; Luton beat Norwich by 2 goals to 1; Millwall suffered their first defeat at North Greenwich from Plymouth Argyle, who won by a solitary goal; Tottenham Hotspur swamped Brentford by 4 goals to 1; New Brompton beat Watford by 2 goals to nil; Queen's Park Rangers were unluckily defeated by West Ham by 1 goal to nil; and Bristol gained a victory over Brighton and Hove Albion by 2 goals to 1.

ATHLETICS & CYCLING.

It was well for the followers of athletics that the ten miles running and seven miles walking championships were down for decision last Saturday, or they would probably have had an idle day, so far as their own particular sport was concerned. It fell to the lot of Stamford Bridge to be called upon to entertain the athletes who had entered for the two events, and it may almost be said that the famous inclosure has practically become the headquarters of sport in the metropolis.

The walking race was shorn of a lot of its interest by the absence of the holder, G. E. Larner, who, acting under medical advice, has resolved to give up active training. This does not imply that the Brighton man's health is not good, but Larner is a policeman, and it is considered that his duties in the force and his continued training might jointly have caused a breakdown in both. For the benefit of the uninitiated, I may say that over-indulgence in athletics is the same as the abuse of any other good thing, and, as in eating and drinking, moderation should always be uppermost in the mind.

Larner's absence gave T. Carter, of the Queen's Park Harriers, a chance, and, leading nearly all the way, he won by 100yds. from F. B. Thompson, Ranelagh H. and L.A.C., in 53min. 20 1-5 sec., with W. H. Martindale, of the Polytechnic H., third. Carter is a beautiful mover, and a walker of scrupulous fairness. There was not a suspicion of "lift" during his progression round the track, and everybody was pleased that such a worthy successor to the late champion had been found.

Contrary to expectation, A. Aldridge turned out to defend his title in the ten miles running championship, the report that he would not run proving to be the usual "stretch of imagination." The Highgate man not only turned out, but retained his title by 40yds. from J. Beale, of the Hampton Harriers, with George Pearce, who ran in the name of the Harrodian A.C., third. The time was slow for the class of men running, Aldridge taking 54min. 7 1-5sec., as against 51min 59sec. last year.

There were sports at some of the public schools, but no performances out of the ordinary have to be recorded. At Dulwich College the best performance was that of H. V. N. Treadgold, a present scholar, who won the past and present Alleynians 120yds. race in the excellent time of 12 3-5sec. The old boys' 200yds. race went to G. W. Avenall, in 22 3-5sec., and Treadgold was returned as doing 10 1-5sec. for the 100yds., but that, of course, is an absurdity, due to a slow watch, or an incompetent "clocker."

ROWING.

Nothing need be said about the 'Varsity boat-race, except that Cambridge, who won by 3½ lengths, proved themselves the better crew at every point. They were much smarter in their body work, they were undoubtedly the prettier oarsmen, and from start to finish they demonstrated their excellent watermanship. And that is all. They commenced well, and from end to end always held the winning card. That their stroke and bow sides were reversed from the customary procedure proved no detriment, and the Light Blues were justly proud of a fine feat.

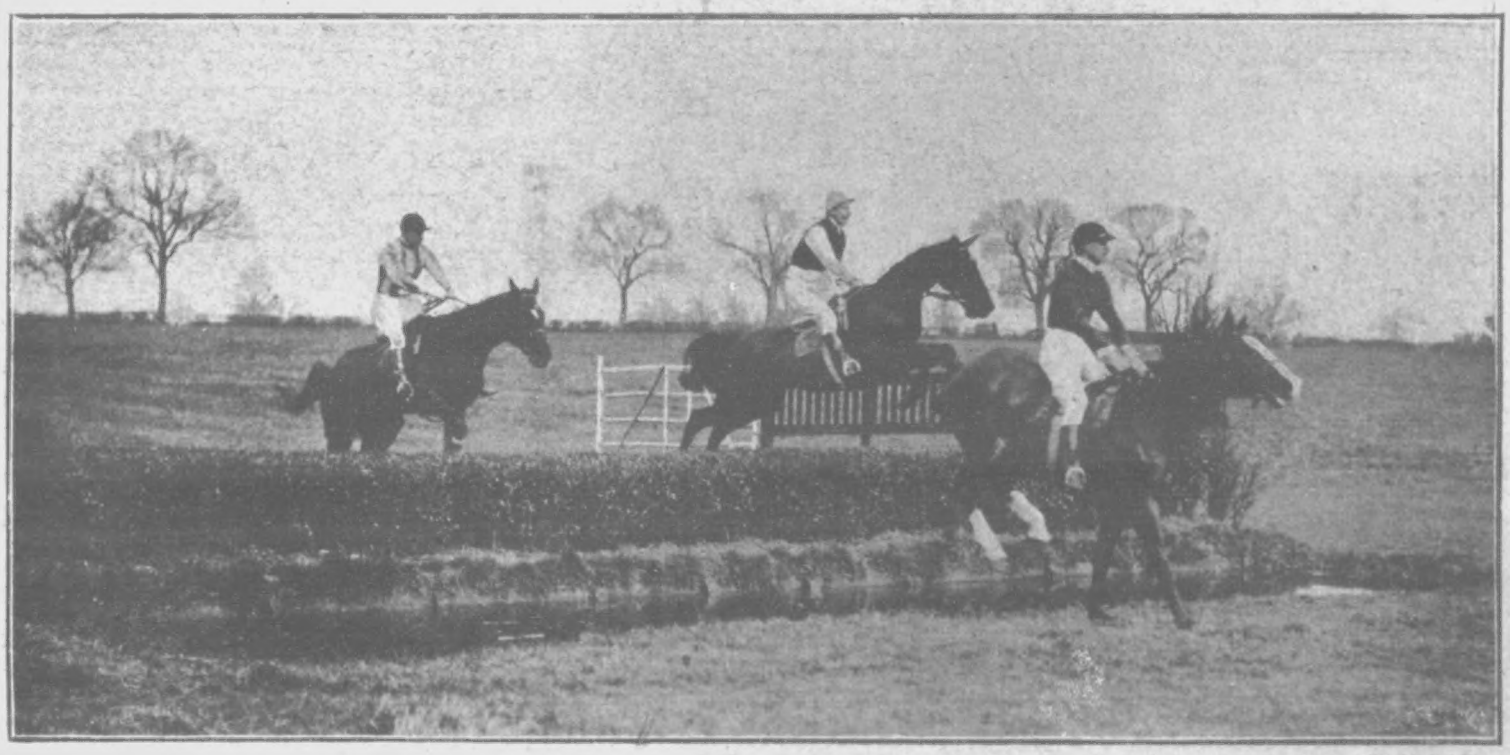
"The Wearin' o' the Ring."

Mr. Patrick O'Brien's efforts on behalf of those lady teachers who insist on wearing their engagement-rings in school have caused a fellow-Nationalist, Mr. John O'Dowd, M.P. for Sligo, to exercise his poetic muse, and the result is the "Lay of South Sligo," of which the following is a specimen:

Oh, Patrick, dear, come over here;
Your smile I'd wish to see,
Give me your hand; you needn't stand
On ceremony with me.
By all the girls you're idolised
From York to Kettering.
No wonder; sure, you've legalised
"The wearin' o' the ring."

Photos, Baker & Muggeridge.

THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE v. ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY SPORTS: 1. Mr. Kentish, winner of the two-mile race, is seen running third. 2. Mr. C. M. Thornhill, who won the "Putting the Weight" contest. 3. Mr. Patterson, winning the quarter-mile. 4. Mr. Evans, who tied with Mr. Heygate with 5 ft. ½ in. in the high jump. 5. Mr. G. St. G. Robinson, winning the long jump.



Photo, P.I.P.

HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE STEEPLECHASES: Coming over the water in the 2nd Life Guards' Challenge Cup.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Photo, P.I.P.

LADIES' HOCKEY—Married v. Single: A bully in front of goal.

The Twelve Club.

The enterprising members of the Twelve Club hold their Exhibition of Pictures and Sketches this year at the Alpine Club Hall, Mill Street, Conduit Street, W. The members include Miss Clare Bradford (President), and the Misses Evelyn Ashby, Connie Ewen, Mary Hagarty, Jessie Hall, Ethel Hall, Maude Kingston, Catherine Mann, Ruth Mease, Edith Pinder, Clare Prosser, and E. Spence Bate. The exhibition is open from April 17th to 26th from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Admission may be obtained upon presentation of a visiting card, or tickets of admission can be had by applying to the secretary. The club contains nearly all of the original members. It has done good and interesting work in the past and should have much future success before it.

Do You Look Best in Silk or Wool?

Some people always appear at their best in silk slips and blouses, and dresses in which there is certainly an admixture of silk; others are less suited by such a style of dressing, and show to better advantage in cloth costumes and tailor-made gowns. Heavy woollen materials are utterly unsuited to some types of women, and the women themselves seem to realise it instinctively, and to have quite a horror of any really warm blouse or frock, preferring to rely on extra underclothing for the warmth they may require. Successful dressing depends not so much upon following the fashion as upon suiting one's own individuality.

A Flannel Dressing-Gown.

A flannel dressing-gown is always a cosy investment, and, if lined to the waist, it is generally quite as warm as one of the quilted silk gowns, which are much more expensive in price. A flannel gown has also the merit of being far less cumbersome. It can be packed into a small space when travelling, and for the summer use seems to be quite appropriate under circumstances when quilted silk appears too much like a garment for snow and ice. Nowadays a flannel wrap can be quite a thing of beauty, more particularly if made in a light colour. I have seen some very dainty ones in sky and pink, with a facing of white round the neck and sleeves. The simpler the style the better, as it leaves the arms free to perform the toilet. For any woman who must act as her own maid, a much befurbelowed dressing-gown is a mistake; an elaborate collar, or much trimming on the sleeves, interferes very seriously with self hair-dressing.

A Confirmation Frock.

What could be prettier for a confirmation dress than a white spotted muslin, mounted on glacé silk, and plentifully befrilled with valenciennes lace, and broad, soft satin ribbon? Such a one I saw recently designed for a young girl of sixteen, but its ultimate destiny was as best summer frock, and the style of the dress blended the two purposes admirably. Pure white for the maidens who can stand such a trying shade always looks more appropriate at a confirmation than ivory or cream, but there are many girls who can wear dead white in crêpe de Chine, or silk, or some glossy material, and look well in them, while they would show to utter disadvantage in any dull, transparent fabric, such as book muslin, of the same tone of white. This is a point that may well be considered upon occasions when white wear is a necessity. The texture of the material of a dress will be found to have quite as much to do with the general effect of becomingness as the colour itself.

A New Material.

Each season sees something new in the way of spring materials, and a charming light fabric, very much resembling a flowered muslin, goes by the name of printed voile. These printed voiles are ideal for costumes which require to fall in dainty fold. They are so very soft draping; they are of less flimsy and more serviceable texture than muslin, and they are being manufactured in all the delightful colours and patterns which one has been wont to associate with the name of Organdie muslin. Delainette is also, as the name suggests, an innovation upon delaine, and makes up prettily into blouses or costumes. I have seen some very novel blouses of delainette made with a pointed vest of silk, the silk arranged in plaited folds, each fold interlacing the other. This union of two materials is quite a feature of the present season. Bias folds of chiffon velvet placed upon voile has a very chic and uncommon effect, and silk frills and strappings upon eolienne and crêpe de Chine is another combination which marks this season's models.

Photos, Clarke & Hyde.

HOW TO FOLD A SKIRT.

1. Don't fold a skirt like this—it is a very usual method, but ruins the garment.
2. Take it carefully in its lengths, like this.
3. Turn its breadth, like this.
4. Fold it across the knee, like this.
5. Ready to pack in the smallest space without injury.

Photo, Park.

AMAZONS OF WEST SURREY: A rifle club for ladies has just been formed at Byfleet, and last week the opening competition took place at the village rifle range on the slopes of St. George's Hills. About twenty ladies took part in the opening meet. Miss Egerton, a niece of the Duke of Devonshire, made the best score of 30 out of a possible 35.

An Indian Curry Recipe.

Necessary ingredients: One pound of beef or mutton, one tablespoonful of mild curry powder, two ounces of butter, one ounce of green ginger, two small onions, two red chillies, salt to taste. First melt the butter in a deep enamal pan, put in a few slices of onion; when nice and brown take them out and put aside; then mix the curry powder, the ginger, chillies, and onion, all ground to a paste. Let this cook in the batter for ten minutes, stirring it constantly. Now add the meat, cut in small pieces, and fry for ten or fifteen minutes. Pour over sufficient cold water to cover, and let all simmer on a steady fire till the meat is quite tender, the gravy thickens, and is rich-looking. When serving scatter the sliced onion on the top, and hand a dish of boiled rice with the curry.

A Hair Lotion

For use when the hair is falling off is made thus: Stew one pound of rosemary for some hours in one quart of rain-water. Filter it through paper, and add half a pint of bay rum. Use twice daily.

The Inside of a Teapot.

It is easily kept clean if the pot is properly washed each time it is used. Stains inside a metal teapot may be removed by filling it with boiling soda water and letting it stand till cold. Afterwards rinse thoroughly in clear water.

For Chilblains.

(1) Rub the chilblain directly it appears with methylated spirit night and morning, and also apply an ivy-leaf soaked in vinegar for a few hours. Tie this round the finger and bind it up. (2) The following lotion, after a few applications, completely cures, and the relief, after only one application, is great: Take one ounce of camphorated spirits of wine and mix it with half an ounce of Goulard's Extract (pure). This must *not* be applied to broken chilblains under any circumstances.

Try It.

I would like to draw the attention of my many readers whose household duties number among them the care of the cupboard, to the present offer of the Plasmon Company, who are making a very praiseworthy effort to see that the housewife adds their many excellent preparations to her kitchen stores. In return for one shilling and sixpence you can have sent you post free an elegant and useful art metal box containing a 9d. packet of Plasmon, a 5d. packet of Plasmon cocoa, and substantial samples of the various Plasmon preparations, including tea, chocolate, custard, biscuits, blancmange, and arrowroot, with a cookery book (published at one shilling), given gratis. As this offer is only made as an advertisement and to introduce Plasmon where, in its various forms, it is not as well known as it ought to be, the Plasmon Company, of Farringdon St., London, will only supply one box to each applicant. In mentioning you saw this in *P.I.P.*, you will be fortunate enough to get your parcel sent you without delay.

Photo, Lallie Charles.

Miss Simeta Marsden, who is scoring a great success in "The Flood," the latest Hippodrome sensation.

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

There is now on view at Madame Tussaud's an excellent portrait-model of M. Fallières, the new President of the French Republic, together with equally good portraits of other French Ministers.

The students of Mr. Tree's Academy of Dramatic Art gave a very interesting performance at His Majesty's Theatre last week—a performance, indeed, that more than justified Mr. Tree's enterprise, and gave one great hope of the coming generation of English players. In "The Merchant of Venice," Miss Frances Leighton was a charming and intelligent Portia, and Mr. Robert Atkins' Shylock had much merit. It was, however, in "L'Enfant Prodigue," that the students most distinguished themselves. Miss Mary Barton is a delightful pantomimist, and since she has also won prizes for speaking blank verse, her career on the stage should be assured. A charming French actress—Mlle. Denege—was a graceful Phrynette, and Mr. Atkyns played Old Pierrot with a real sense of character.

English folk songs and Morris dances were given in the Little Queen's Hall last week by the girls of the Esperance Club. The girls were in antiquated costume, and gave the songs and dances as if they were enjoying an old-time village revel. The performance was preceded by a lecture on the history of the songs by Mr. Cecil Sharp.

Miss Olga Nethersole, who is touring in the United States, is credited by the American papers with this extraordinary pronouncement: "I have decided to abandon the stage in eight years or before," she said. "The stage, after all, offers but little. Since I was a small child I have known Sir Arthur Fripp, Court physician to the King of England. It was through him that I took such a deep interest in work for consumptives. I have my own hospital in London, you know. It is considered one of the best in the world."

At the Appollo Theatre on Saturday evening next, Mr. Robert Courtneidge will, by arrangement with Mr. Tom B. Davis, produce a new musical play called "The Dairymaids." The authors are Messrs. R. Courtneidge and A. M. Thompson. The lyrics are by Messrs. Paul Rubens and A. Wimperis, and the composers are Messrs. Paul Rubens and Frank Tours. The following will be the cast:—

Sam Brudenell: Mr. Walter Passmore.
Frank Brudenell: Mr. Horace Lane.
Doctor O'Byrne (of H.M.S. *Merryman*): Mr. Ambrose Manning.
Fred Leverton: Mr. Frank Green.
Joe: Mr. Dan Rolyatt.
Peggy: Miss Carrie Moore.
Winifred: Miss Agnes Fraser.
Helene: Miss Florence Smithson.
Elise: Miss Gracie Leigh.
Lady Brudenell: Miss Phyllis Broughton.
Principal of Pycharis Ladies' Academy: Miss Carlotta Zerbini.

Miss Kathleen Chabot, a very talented pianist, introduced a new work by the Finnish composer Sibelius at her concert in the Æolian Hall last week.

It is a highly imaginative composition, wholly modern in style, but marked, nevertheless, by an abundance of clearly-defined melody. The work, a suite, is programmatic, purporting to describe the story of Pelleas and Melisande. The orchestration is mainly for strings, from which the composer derives a remarkable variety of colour. It was played by Mr. Henry J. Wood and a contingent of the Queen's Hall orchestra with fine appreciation of its delicate charm.

Mr. J. M. Barrie's "Peter Pan" seems already to have become a classic, a "hardy annual," to be expected every Christmas as a matter of course. As we know, it is to be given again next December in London and New York—which will be the third consecutive year here and the second on the "other side." But let us hope that Mr. Barrie does not intend to rest on his laurels as an unequalled provider of "children's plays." Let us have a successor to "Peter Pan."

The overcrowding of the theatrical profession is a subject which is as constantly with us as the poor, says a writer in *M.A.P.* A celebrated actor with whom I was discussing the problem the other evening humorously remarked that in this same overcrowding we had the reason why the poor *were* always with us! but while the case is not as bad as all that, it is certainly very serious. The list in the theatrical advertisements of the "resting"—the franker out-of-works do not hesitate to use the less pleasant "disengaged"—is growing longer and longer every week, yet year by year the number of our theatres is increasing by leaps and bounds! A leading dramatic agent has said that, if every other building in the Strand were a theatre, there would still be lack of accommodation for the men and women who have adopted the stage as a profession. And surely a dramatic agent, whose way from the street into his office is daily lined with the anxious faces of the unemployed of the stage, ought to know something of the question!

In connection with this overcrowding of the dramatic profession I have lately heard some very pitiful tales. I repeat, one or two here, not because they make part of that "pleasant gossip" to which *M.A.P.* is pledged, but for the reason that they may help to persuade the newly stage-struck against pitching themselves into an arena of strife in which the combatants are so many that they cannot move to fight. A young actress, of acknowledged cleverness, having come to the end of a touring engagement in musical comedy, went to her agents for fresh employment. She called every morning for nine weeks, spending most of her time in the waiting-room of the agents, lest something might "come along" in her absence. A sister at home, clever with the needle, had made her a smart dress for seeking a new engagement in. In a daily search for a "shop" as in the "profession" an engagement is somewhat strangely called, the dress got shabbier and shabbier.

And another one was made; for, to her joy, she heard one morning from the agent that the manager of a touring company, who was preparing a "London success" for provincial use, had said he would give her a part. She had but a verbal arrangement at that stage of the negotiations; so that when she subsequently heard from the manager that she was not wanted after all, and learned from another source that he had engaged a pretty novice for the part, at no salary at all (the young lady having private money of her own, and a desire along with it to smile from a pretty frock in the glow of the footlights), what could the poor worker do but swallow the lump in her throat, and go back to the dreary business of sitting in that waiting-room, whence so few tired passengers emerge to catch the train to Success? There are people who call this sort of thing the survival of the fittest. They would be nearer the mark if they called it the survival of the richest.

Three of the leading London theatres have now added that stirring march "The King's Guard" to their programmes. They are the Garrick, the Alhambra, and the Criterion, and the soundness of their judgment is proved by the appreciation of their audiences.

"The King's Guard" is published in conjunction with the *Express* as the latest number of Pearson's Sixpenny Music, and it is one of the most successful. Full orchestral parts have been prepared, and it is a march which is specially suitable for bands to play.

If there is any difficulty in obtaining "The King's Guard" locally, send 1s. 6d. for the band parts, or seven stamps for the piano score, to C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Mr. Denis O'Sullivan is one of the few artists with a strongly dramatic temperament who are able to display their gifts to advantage in the limited range of the concert platform. Last week the Æolian Hall was crowded, and the gifted singer held the attention of the audience from start to finish.

His unconventional programme included several new songs. Among them were a humorous song by Richard Strausse, a broad and vigorous setting of Kipling's "Last Chantey," by T. A. Cook, two deliciously funny child songs by Brainard, an American composer, and an amusing drinking song, old in France, but new here.

Mr. O'Sullivan was assisted by Mme. Alanna Marmion, who made a highly successful first appearance. She has a delightfully pure soprano voice, rich and sympathetic in quality, and sings in French with admirable style.

The "land of the mountain and flood" was much in evidence last week at the Queen's Hall, when Miss Reena Russell-Graham, a young Scottish violinist, made a successful *début*.

The front of the platform was decorated with heather in pots, and at the conclusion of the Tchaikovski concerto the *débutante* was offered huge floral tributes by a contingent of gentlemen garbed in kilts and ladies draped in tartans.

Miss Russell-Graham possesses musical gifts of no mean order, and she plays with animation. For her two concertos she had the aid of Mr. W. W. Payne as conductor, and the London Symphony Orchestra, but her best playing was in the two shorter pieces, a Bach aria and the Romance of Beethoven.

Photo, Lallie Charles.

Miss Bury, who plays the part of the "Mermaid" in "Peter Pan," on tour.

Photo, Lallie Charles.

The latest portrait of Miss Hazel Thompson, the charming young actress of the Court Theatre.

OUR GRAND NEW SERIAL STORY.

THE GREAT PLOT.

BY

WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

Mr. Milbourne, the sporting squire of Ailesworth Manor, in Huntingdonshire, has living with him Austen Leigh, the famous traveller and scientist. The old man dies suddenly, and his will being found in an old drum, each of the Squire's daughters find they have been left a substantial legacy. With the will is a peculiar parchment written in Arabic characters; no one can understand it, so it is sent to London to be translated. The marriage of Nella Milbourne to Douglas Kenyon takes place soon afterwards. While the merrymaking is at its height, a terrible thing happens—the bride of a few hours is found dead on the staircase.

CHAPTER IX.

The Visitor at the "Grand."

A FORTNIGHT had gone.

The Coroner's jury at Castor had returned a verdict, usual in such cases, that young Mrs. Kenyon was "wilfully murdered by some person or persons unknown," and thus the matter had been left in the hands of the police. The latter had tried by all the means in their power to induce Hutton to make some statement, but he strenuously refused, even at risk of arrest as an accessory after the fact. There was absolutely no direct evidence against him, hence the hesitation on the part of the two officers from Scotland Yard to apprehend him. His excuse for refusing to make a statement was that he was investigating the affair himself, and that he hoped at a date not far distant to be able to furnish the police with some reliable information.

As regards the secret documents, he had, true to his promise, placed them in the vaults of the Safe Deposit Company in Chancery Lane, and had handed Mrs. Milbourne the key and the receipt. The Squire's wife, however, had no idea that when he left to return to Paris a couple of days later he carried with him clear photographic copies of every one of the papers, together with the negatives from which they had been printed.

As far as the public interest in the village tragedy was concerned, it was at an end. The newspapers, quick to dismiss an old sensation for any newer mystery, now no longer mentioned it. The affair was regarded as an enigma, like thousands of other mysteries of crime. None dreamed of its causes nor of its far-reaching effect.

Kenyon, utterly heartbroken at his loss, had gone to Germany to be away from the surroundings which reminded him so vividly of his dead love, and the Milbournes were in London for the same purpose, while in the pretty sloping graveyard of Castor Church, with its old lichen-grown tombs and new white marble monuments, there was a small, newly-turfed mound which marked the spot where the unfortunate victim of the tragedy had been laid to rest.

In Paris Hubert Hutton soon returned to that circle of idle bachelors wherein he was extremely popular. The little coterie of wealthy young Englishmen living in the French capital is a gay one indeed. Club life is not as we know it in London, hence each afternoon at four the kindred spirits assemble in the comfortable American bar of the Hotel Chatham, or in the pleasant room beyond looking out into the green old courtyard. Cosmopolitans all, they sip their Pernod or swallow the excellent cocktails manufactured by the ubiquitous Johnnie, a short, merry-faced Italian whose knowledge of who is in Paris and who is out of it is absolutely encyclopædic. Johnnie, mixing his cocktails, receives and gives messages to all of his clients. He knows everyone by name, as well as all that there is to be known about them, and takes a fatherly interest in their welfare, often interspersing his remarks with bits of advice regarding the numerous pitfalls of Paris life. The Orleanists once made the place their headquarters, and it is said that their comic-opera "plots" were hatched over Johnnie's cocktails.

The habit of this little circle of idlers who prefer to live in Paris rather than in London is to gossip for an hour at the Chatham, then to go round the corner to Henry's, and afterwards on for an *aperatif* at Maxim's before dining. It is ever the same, winter or summer. The circle seldom enlarges, for, being composed of residents, no mere tourists are admitted to it.

When, on the afternoon of the day following Hutton's return to Paris, he entered the Chatham, he found half a dozen of his friends there and was congratulated on his return. They knew he had been home to the wedding of a friend, but knew nothing of the tragic occurrence. Such men only read the *Journal* or *Figaro*, seldom an English paper. It is one of the tests of the true cosmopolitan to be able to do without his London newspaper.

As soon as he had seated himself, Johnnie came up and said, in his broken Italian-English:

"Gled to see you back, Meester Hutton. Meester Mirski was here lasnight. He ask for you. I say you were in England."

"Mirski!" ejaculated Hutton surprised. "I thought he was in Russia. Has he returned to live in Paris?"

"No. He stay at ze Grand. He say he wait for you return. I tell him you would sure to come here when you get back. I forgot your number in Rue Lafayette."

"Thanks, Johnnie. I'll go over and see him. Bring me a dry Martini."

"*Oui m'sieur.*"

And then Hutton joined in the conversation of his companions, one of whom was a young French Baron, who did not understand English; hence they spoke in French out of compliment to him.

The unexpected announcement that Witold Mirski had returned to Paris was by no means pleasing, and especially so when it seemed that the man was there specially to see him. Mirski had lived in Paris until about three years before, and had been a frequenter of the Chatham, but of a sudden his affairs had called for attention, and he had returned to live in St. Petersburg. Since that day Hutton had heard but little of him, although for certain reasons he held the fellow in constant dread. The fact was that he had some years before borrowed money of him, and his increased inability to pay caused him considerable anxiety. No doubt the man had returned from Russia in order to collect his debt. His first impulse on hearing of Mirski's arrival was to quit Paris at once, but, knowing with what kind of man he had to deal, and that flight would place him in a more precarious position, he resolved to go at once and face the inevitable. As he turned from the Rue Danou and crossed the Boulevard des Capucines, the Grand Café and the Café de la Paix was crowded, for it was the hour of the absinthe when all Paris takes her ease and her *aperatif*. With some misgivings, he crossed the courtyard of the Grand Hotel, inquired for the Russian, and, following one of the page-boys into the lift, was soon afterwards ushered into Mirski's private sitting-room, a small but gaudy apartment, brilliant but lacking in comfort, as is the case in most Paris hotels.

The man who came forward and greeted him effusively in French was elderly and of marked personality. His grey hair was long, like a musician's. When he spoke to his visitor he had a queer way of putting his head close to Hutton's and peering into his face with twinkling eyes, as though he wished to read the other's thoughts, rather than to listen to his words.

"Well, my dear Hutton," he said, sinking into one of the blue silk chairs and motioning his visitor to do the same, "my presence here is unexpected—eh?"

"Quite," responded the other in French. "I believed you had decided not to return to Paris. Until yesterday I was in England."

"Johnnie told me of your visit. You went to assist at a wedding of a friend?" Then, with a smile, he added: "Why don't you marry yourself?"

"Can't afford it," was the frank reply. "You know my unfortunate position. I've scarcely a sou to my name."

"And yet you are indebted to me fifty thousand francs," observed the Jew, his rather sallow face growing grave in a moment. "I had expected you would to-day repay me, for, recollect that it is now nearly two years overdue. You cannot reproach me for ever having pressed you."

"No. I must say you have been exceedingly lenient," Hutton said in a rather low voice. "But the fact is I've gone the pace a little too much of late. But I've pulled up now."

"Because you are at the end of all your credit—eh?" remarked the Jew quietly. "Most of us would pull up under similar circumstances. But, can't you possibly raise the money from any of your friends in England?"

The young man shook his head, saying: "I've tried. I've wanted to pay you this years past and get that letter back from you. Where is it?"

"Here." And the old Russian drew from his pocket a greasy leather wallet, from which he took a letter secured by a large black seal.

Hutton eyed it greedily. It was the security he had given for the advance of fifty thousand francs. He had no property, and that letter was the only thing upon which the Jew would grant him the loan. His whole future—nay, his very life—depended upon his ability to obtain the return of that letter held by Mirski. Too well he knew that while it was in that unscrupulous man's possession his life was insecure, for its contents were such as would, if divulged, cause him to take his own life. Since the moment he had sealed it and handed it to the Jew in that little dark office in the Rue des Petits-Champs, he had never known the feeling of security. The fifty thousand francs had been advanced—not upon property—but upon the security of the life of Hubert Hutton himself.

"Ah!" observed the Jew smiling, as he replaced the letter in his pocket, "I see you are afraid, *mon ami*. Well, I really think I have up to the present been far too lenient. You promised to pay the whole in a year, yet all I have received is seven hundred francs of interest. Surely that is not business?"

"I have been struggling for the past year to obtain money with which to pay, but things have been against me. My brother, who used to help me, is dead, and, contrary to my expectations, he didn't leave me a sou."

"Never count on expectations," growled the old man. "When you are as old as I am, you will have ceased to believe in anybody. You remember our compact? You were hard up and came to me. You had nothing worth five hundred francs, and you wanted fifty thousand. I suggested that you should give me this letter, which I was to hold for a year until you could repay me. That year has passed, and two more; therefore, being pressed myself, I must now be repaid. You will recollect that we stipulated that if you did not repay I might make what use I wished of your letter?"

"Yes," cried Hutton hoarsely, rising palefaced from his chair, "and that would involve my death! Surely you will be merciful, Mirski?"

"If you can repay me I will return the letter. I have brought it with me from Russia for that purpose," replied the other coldly, still sitting in his armchair. "I intend to have my money, you understand?"

"But won't you extend the time, say, for six months longer? I am certain to be able to get it by that time," he urged.

"Impossible," was the hard response. "To-day is Tuesday. I shall give you until Saturday morning. After noon on Saturday this letter will leave my hands."

"And you will lose your fifty thousand francs?" added the Jew's victim.

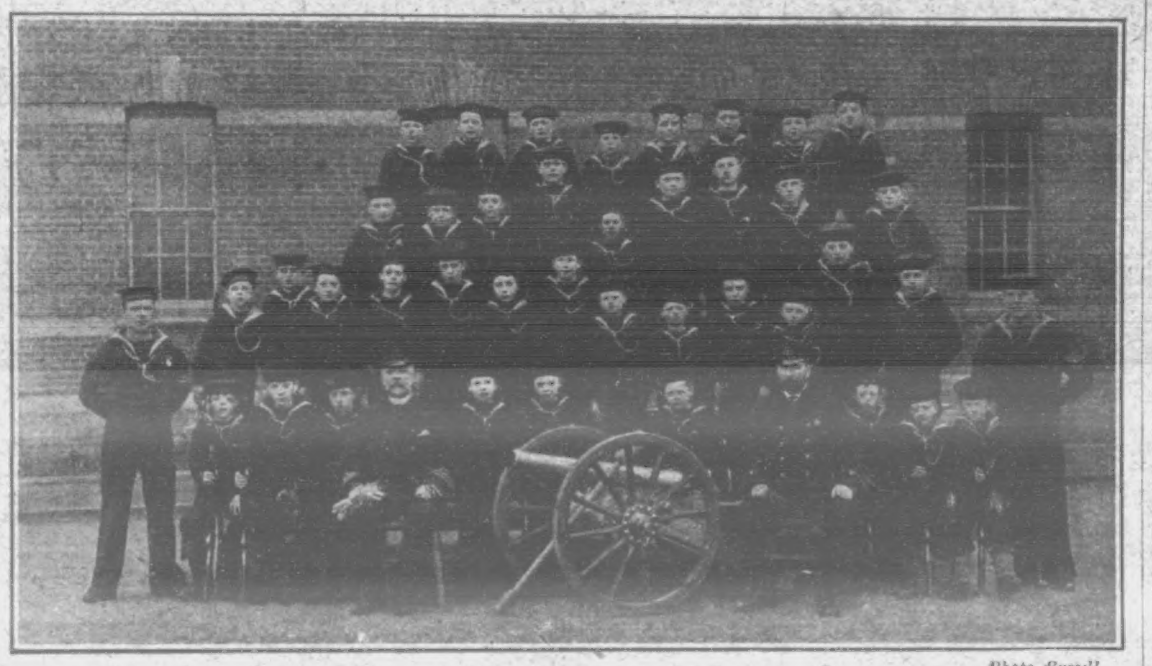
"That is my own affair, *m'sieur*."

"But you can't mean this?" cried Hutton, dismayed. "You've come down on me so unexpectedly that you really ought to give me time. Such an action isn't like you, Mirski. Here, in Paris, you've done many little kindly actions to those men who were in your debt. More than once I've had occasion to thank you. Come, you must not be hard upon me now."

"I don't see that I'm hard on you. When a debt is so long overdue, no complaint can be made of an effort to collect it. Indeed, I have come right from St. Petersburg for that purpose."

Again and again the young man begged of the Jew to give him longer time. He pointed out how utterly impossible it was for him to raise the money within the stipulated time, especially as it was from his friends in England that he would probably obtain it. But the answer was always the same. Mirski the Jew was obdurate.

For Hubert Hutton the outlook was certainly as black as any he had ever experienced. If that fatal



Photo, Russell.

ARTILLERYMEN OF THE FUTURE: The first Royal Naval Cadet Corps ever raised. The lads are the sons of warrant officers and men of H.M.S. "Victory." They are kept going by voluntary contributions of officers and men.

AT the moment of going to press I have received a remarkable communication from an unquestionably authentic source, giving me detailed information as to how and by whom certain newspapers were "approached," and persuaded into "a conspiracy of silence" concerning Princess Ena's "perversion" to Rome. I beg to thank my distinguished correspondent for his straightforward statement, which, however, cannot be used here. I am also told that "orders" have been issued to various journalistic centres to "take no notice" of anything which either I or others may write on this subject in the *Rapid Review*. I place this statement at once in possession of the public, and leave them to judge of its truth by the results. MARIE CORELLI.

(See Marie Corelli's article in the April *Rapid Review* now out.)

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

letter ever left the Jew's possession, then there was nothing for it but suicide. He knew that only too well. For two whole years he had been calmly contemplating it, facing the inevitable with all the coolness of a philosopher. Yet it seemed hard, indeed, that he, not yet thirty, should be compelled to ignominiously end his own life because of the demand of that scoundrelly Hebrew.

The temptation was strong within him to spring upon the old man, filch the letter from his wallet and destroy it; nevertheless he saw that such an action might only aggravate the situation and that arrest for theft must follow.

He paced the room several times, trying to see some way out of the dilemma. There was no one in Paris who would lend him fifty thousand francs without security. Money-lenders are not prone to accept simple notes of hand, notwithstanding the alluring advertisements.

At last, in sheer desperation, he halted before the seated Jew, and, looking him straight in the face, said:

"Mirski. Once or twice, years ago, you've given me advice. Tell me now what ought I to do?"

The old man rubbed both hands upon his knees, and, at the same time, elevated his shoulders with a gesture meant to imply that to him it was quite immaterial as long as he got back his fifty thousand francs.

"It is not for me to advise, *mon ami*. You know your own business best. I have been from Paris so long now that I am unaware of your position."

"But now, suppose you had a son, and he was in the fix I am in to-day, what would you advise him to do?"

"Well, there would be only one thing for him to do," responded the Jew, his little eyes twinkling as he bent forward. "Marry a rich woman."

Hubert Hutton remained silent, his eyes cast upon the floor in deep reflection. The man's suggestion was, of course, a natural one, but, unfortunately, the woman with whom he had fallen in love was the reverse of wealthy.

"Ah!" he sighed at last, "I know no rich woman who would have me."

"Well, you used to be friendly with quite half a dozen when I was here." Then he added: "For instance, there was the Countess Lubomirska, with whom you used to carry on a pretty warm flirtation, and lots of others for ought I know."

"Dolores! Phew! By Jove, no!" was the young man's quick reply.

"Well, she's got plenty of money. At one time it was common gossip here in Paris that she was madly in love with you. You, like a fool, were blind to it all. You flirted with her, drove her in the Bois sometimes, and dined at her house just to amuse yourself—eh!"

CHAPTER X.

Blood Money.

Hutton frowned. What the Jew had said recalled a chapter of his erratic life in Paris that he wished to forget. The handsome Russian Countess had fascinated him. She was fifteen years his senior, had been married at twenty, and left a widow at twenty-one. With the great estates of Horyngrod and Ploska, in the government of Volhynie, she was a wealthy woman, and kept a smart little hotel in the Avenue de Bois de Boulogne close to the Rond Point. She had never assumed her position as *Khazyaceka* on her estates. Seldom she visited the grim old feudal castle at Ploska, but preferred life amid the glitter of the Gay City, while in summer she usually retired to her pretty white, rose-embowered villa on the green slope behind Aix-les-Bains.

"Yes," he remarked sullenly, "I did amuse myself."

"And from what I heard to-day you are still one of madame's friends," remarked the old man.

"Who told you?"

"I met several men I knew on the Boulevards this morning. They spoke of you with envy. Why not marry her? It would save a world of trouble, and at once extricate you from your present difficulty."

A sudden thought crossed Hutton's mind. He must gain time, and in order to do so it would be necessary to apparently fall in with the suggestion of this man who held his life in his hands.

"But marriage is impossible, my dear Mirski. I've got no money. Why, I'm absolutely bankrupt, and haven't enough even to take the lady to dine at Paillard's."

"Ah! that is easily arranged," said the Jew, in a more agreeable tone. "If you could satisfy me that you are ready to marry, I would willingly let you have, say, twenty thousand francs more—the whole to be paid within three months of your marriage. Madame would, no doubt, pay your debts. I have heard she is generosity itself towards those to whom she takes a fancy."

The suggestion was certainly an alluring one, yet Hutton in his heart knew that he could never marry the pretty, giddy little woman who was the talk of half Paris, and with whose name that of half the young elegants had been coupled at one time or another. He loved, and when a man loves a pure, honest girl the artificiality of a woman like Dolores Lubomirska grates upon his better nature.

The offer of twenty thousand francs and an extension of time was, however, certainly one to be considered. He was clutching at the last straw, and, as Mirski continued his forcible arguments, he almost came to the conclusion that an advantageous marriage was the only thing to save him.

At length, after half an hour, Hutton promised to consider the offer, and, after borrowing a further three thousand francs from the Jew, the pair went forth into the Boulevard and turned into the Café de la Paix, now fast emptying as the dining hour approached.

After they parted the Jew entered the Grand, scribbled a "petit-bleu," or telegraphic card, despatched it, and then went up to dress for dinner.

Later that night, while Hutton sat in his own sitting-room in the Rue Lafayette, smoking a cigar, and pondering deeply upon his perilous situation, Mirski received a visit from a tall lady, who swept into his sitting-room, threw off her rich sable coat, disclosing the fact that she was in a handsome evening toilette of black, glittering with silver trimming, and sank into a chair almost before the Jew was aware of her presence.

She was a decidedly handsome woman, dark, with great black eyes, a delicately-chiselled face, a fine nose, small, almost child-like mouth, and slightly-protruding chin. From her chiffons there exuded the sweet scent of the latest triumph of the Rue St. Honoré perfumers, and as she seated herself she stretched forth her tiny shoe from beneath the hem of her skirt with a coquettish air, as though she wished to charm the white-haired old man before her.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE COSTER'S FUNERAL: The funeral of "Bicker" Collins, a fish coster of Whitecross Street, London.

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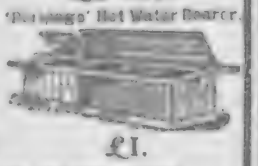

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Photo, Denham.
THE SAILOR'S FRIEND: Miss Agnes Weston, of the Royal Sailors' Rest, with some of her sailor friends.

A MILLIONAIRE'S WEDDING PRESENT: Cliveden, the famous residence which is to be given by Mr. W. W. Astor as a gift to his son on the occasion of his wedding, which is shortly to take place.

"Countess," he had exclaimed, in Russian, as she entered, "I am honoured by your visit to me. I dare not come to you, you understand, fearing lest he might be already there."

"Ah! yes," she replied, "it was much safer for me to come to you. Well? What has happened? Tell me."

"Well, I showed him the security, and then, after very carefully approaching the subject, made the suggestion," responded the Jew, with a grim smile upon his sallow, wrinkled face.

"And how did he take it?" asked the beautiful woman of whom all Paris loved to gossip, as she leaned forward in her chair in an attitude which showed her eagerness.

"With a lack of enthusiasm. Indeed, my dear Countess, I think the young Englishman must be in love."

"In love!" she cried, starting up and knitting her brows. "In love with whom?"

"Ah! Madame," exclaimed the wily Hebrew, still speaking in Russian, "how can I tell? These English are a strange people. Here you are, the smartest woman in Paris or Petersburg—if you will permit me to pay you compliment—ready to marry this ruined young fellow, and yet, because of some sentimental attachment in another direction, he refuses."

"Refuses?" she cried. "He actually refuses? Why you told me that he only lacked enthusiasm. Come, Mirski, explain to me what actually occurred. I have to go on to the Princess d'Essling's dance, and have no time to spare."

"He has not yet refused, because he dare not, but he intends to do so. From his manner I suspect that the tender attachment is a new one."

The Countess Lubomirska bit her lips. Men were always her puppets to be taken up and cast aside at will. She was not accustomed to be thwarted when she had set her mind upon a plan.

The Jew quickly perceived that she was annoyed, yet, as those of his race can, he preserved a countenance Sphinx-like and utterly unpenetrable.

She tapped the carpet impatiently with her tiny shoe and picked nervously at her gloves. Then, after a brief silence, she asked:

"Do you recollect what I told you a month ago when you dined with me in Petersburg?"

He nodded. She had uttered some wild words when that night they had dined *tête-à-tête* at her beautiful palace, in the Sergiefskaia, and she had first laid before him her plan of marrying the young Englishman. Indeed, those words of hers were so wild that he had then refused to believe her in earnest. Yet it seemed as though she were, now that she thus repeated her determination.

"I intend to marry him, Mirski. Do you understand?" she went on, the expression of her face showing how desperately in earnest she was. "When Dolores Lubomirska has made up her mind she is not easily turned from her intention. That you know quite well."

"Then Madame confesses that it is not mere caprice, but actually affection?" exclaimed the Jew, his small eyes brightening.

"Yes. To you I confess it," she replied, with a slightly contemptuous glance. "You, a dried-up old fossil, are too old to fall in love with me, or you would have done so long ago. Therefore, I can speak to you in confidence, without fear of betrayal. Yes. I love Hubert Hutton. Strange, isn't it? I don't really think I've ever loved a man before."

"Not your husband?"

"Bah! He was forced upon me by my father. I hated him always, and he is better dead."

The Jew smiled at her quick, impetuous words. The situation was certainly an interesting one. Here was a wealthy and popular woman, one whose chic was remarked everywhere in Paris, and whose escapades during the past few years furnished many stories for the gossips actually hopelessly in love with the penniless Englishman who had innocently fallen into his clutches. He had known the Countess for years, both in Russia and in Paris, but had never credited her with the folly of falling in love. When a woman allows herself to love, then her chic vanishes and her vogue disappears.

"But is it not rather indiscreet to love this man?" the Jew remarked, even at that moment mystified by her latest caprice.

"You can't understand," she snapped, turning upon him fiercely. "I love him, and intend that he shall marry me. For you that is sufficient. I require no advice from you. I pay you for your services, I pay you for your presence here in Paris, and I guarantee you fifty thousand francs, plus interest, for the letter you hold as his security. What more, pray, do you want?"

"Nothing. Madame, I fear, misunderstands me. It is with the best of intentions that I ventured——"

"You know my intention," she interrupted. "He will marry me, or I shall purchase the letter from you."

"And that will mean death to him," remarked the Jew calmly.

"I mean it to be so," she answered with cold determination. "If he loves some other woman, then she shall not have him. That is my revenge."

A silence fell between the pair. The old Jew was sitting with his hands chafing his knees, a habit of his when puzzled. Dolores Lubomirska was a very remarkable woman; he knew, and certainly not one to be trifled with. She seemed to have set her mind upon marrying this young Englishman, but he personally considered the thing an absurd self-sacrifice. He sighed, and thought to himself that women were strange creatures. Dolores and he were old acquaintances. He had known her through a good many years, always as a capricious and erratic woman. More than once she had sought his aid in various little schemes which were not altogether creditable to her—schemes which in their conception showed how ingenious she was, and how utterly indifferent wherever man's hearts were concerned. Her husband had been a dissolute tyrant, and perhaps that back in the early days of her womanhood had broken her faith in man's constancy and honesty.

A month ago Mirski had received a letter summoning him to the Lubomirska Palace in the Sergiefskaia, and sitting in her pretty Louis XV. boudoir she had carefully unfolded her plan. She intended to marry Hubert Hutton, the man in far-off Paris who once had been fascinated by her charms, but who seemed now to have forsaken her. The old Jew had at first laughed at her. But by her earnestness, he quickly saw that she actually intended to carry out her design, therefore he sat and heard her to the end. Briefly, she had become aware that Hutton was in his debt, hence she had summoned him to help her. She ordered him to return to Paris, put pressure upon the unfortunate young Englishman, and then make the suggestion of a wealthy marriage.

(To be continued.)

Photo, Bristow Noble.
PARROT ADVOCATE OF THE SIMPLE LIFE: The parrot seen in the photograph that we give of Lady Miles is a great advocate of the simple life—Polly has the greatest horror of overdressing. Indeed, the bird eschews this familiar weakness with great vigour. For instance, she most assiduously keeps the greater part of her body practically naked. The result of the parrot's indiscretion is that she presents a most woeful appearance. Notwithstanding, Polly is as happy as the day is long.

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Wash=day is soon over with
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HEADACHE, DIZZINESS,

CONSTIPATION, WIND,

LOSS OF APPETITE,

WEARINESS!

ALL of these symptoms are practically sure evidences of indigestion, and only a few fortunate people escape this dreadful malady. If you are a dyspeptic you awake in the mornings fagged and dull, with no appetite for breakfast and a positive dread of the day's work before you. Your tongue is furred, your eyes heavy, there is a bad taste in your mouth, a dull throbbing in your head; you already feel "done up," with no ambition, no interest in life. ¶ Perhaps you have been working too hard, or perhaps the weather has affected you—you may have caught a chill, or lost your natural rest—a thousand and one causes may be at work. ¶ But, whatever the cause, your stomach and liver need help, and need it urgently and promptly. Indigestion is poisoning your blood, sapping your vitality. ¶ Mother Seigel's Syrup is the help you need; it tones and invigorates the stomach and liver; induces natural flow of gastric and other fluids; regulates the bowels, clears the head, restores energy, and puts an end to all forms of

INDIGESTION.

"For years I was a perfect martyr to indigestion and liver trouble, and could find no relief. I felt sick and bilious, with a bad taste in my mouth in the mornings, and a dizzy reeling sensation as though I were falling. After food I had violent pains across the stomach, while wind formed in such quantities as nearly to suffocate me. The only relief was to get the food up, and at last this was the almost invariable result of eating anything. I had frightful headaches at times, and a heavy throbbing pain over my kidneys. I was terribly run down. Doctors did me no good, and a hospital I attended was no more successful. Mother Seigel's Syrup, however, did what doctor and hospital had failed to do, and I rapidly improved. I feel splendid now." (Signed), Mrs. Sarah Middleton, 6 Nursery Road, Morden Road, Merton, Surrey, January 17th, 1906.

MOTHER

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THE STANDARD REMEDY IN FIVE CONTINENTS.

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Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "P.I.P.," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Monday morning for the following Friday's issue.

9 GUINEAS.—American Organ, "Santley" Model (list price 15 guineas), 11 stops, including 2-knee stops, and the beautiful solo stops, vox celeste and vox humana, 2-octave couplers, handsome high case, in use about four months. Twenty years' warranty. Easy terms arranged. On approval. Packing and carriage free both ways. Full price paid will be allowed within three years if exchanged for higher class instrument.—D'Almaine and Co. (established 121 years), 91 Finsbury Pavement, City. Open till 7; Saturdays, 3.

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Photo Post-cards of yourself, 1s. dozen. Catalogue and Samples Free.—Hackett, July Road, Liverpool, E.

Old Artificial Teeth Bought; call or forward by post; full value by return.—Messrs. Browning, manufacturing Dentists, 123 Oxford Street, London. (Est. 100 years.)

Surgical Rubber Goods manufacturers, specialists in travelling requisites for both sexes. Bandages, Elastic Stockings, &c. Goods not approved of exchanged. Air Balls for hawkers, Balloons for bazaars, Squeakers, Dying Pigs, and Cockatoos. Illustrated lists free.—Broadheath Rubber Works, Dept. 8, Altrincham, England.

Ladies' High class. Second-hand Clothing. Send for catalogue.—Madame Dupont, Wood Green London.

Free Teeth.—The Free Teeth Association has been formed to supply Teeth free to the deserving poor, and to supply those of limited means and servants by small weekly payments. For further particulars see page 15 *Weekly Times and Echo*, and for forms of application apply by letter to The Free Teeth Association, 177 Westminster Bridge Rd., London, S.E.

Cycles, Ladies' and Gent's, complete with Eadie Coaster, Inverted front brake, Clincher B tyres, plated Westwood rims, £4 15s.; on approval. Write for Wholesale List, Champion Cycle Co., Sheffield.

500,000 wanted to send for my Free Price List of Champion Singing and Breeding Canaries and other Cage Birds. Largest stock of Canaries in the World to select from. All on approval.—W. Rudd, Bird Specialist, Norwich.

BLANCHARD'S PILLS of Apiol and Steel supersede pilocchia, bitter apple, pennyroyal, etc., and thousands of grateful letters have been received testifying to their efficacy. Recommended by eminent physicians. 1/1½ per box, post free, from Leslie Martyn Ltd., Chemists, 34 Dalston Lane, London.

Amusing Photographs. Send two stamps for interesting sample (special samples, 7d.).—Iremonger, Stationer, Ilkeston.

5d. brings rare Japanese novelty, amusing Photo Post-cards, 25 Comic Cards, two amusing Leaflets.—Iremonger, Stationer, Ilkeston.

Screaming Comic Post-cards: "Stop your tickling, Jock," etc. Monster Parcel, 1s. P.O.—Iremonger, Post-card Publisher, Ilkeston.

Mystery of Love, Courtship, and Marriage, post free 7d., securely packed.—Iremonger, Photographer, Ilkeston.

Medical Adviser, 1,000 pages, 700 illustrations, 2s. 11d., carriage paid.—P. L. Iremonger, Publisher, Ilkeston.

Magic Pack of Cards, causes roars of laughter; securely packed, 1s. 2d.—P. L. Iremonger, Manufacturer, Ilkeston.

Ladies should send two stamps for our new and original Booklet, containing particulars of Herbal Remedies for all ailments. Recommended by physicians and ladies. Established 50 years.—Only address, Northern Remedy Co., Chemists, 161 Seven Sisters Road, Holloway, London. Mention this paper.

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Ladies Recommend Gautier's Pills, of Apiol, Pennyroyal, and Steel, because they have proved effective; 7½d., 2/3, and 4/6 per box.—P. L. Baldwin, Chemist, Electric Parade, Holloway, London.

To Those About To Marry.—If you want to furnish your home well and economically you should send 1s. 2d. to the Publisher (H. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., for a handbook entitled SMALL HOMES AND HOW TO FURNISH THEM.

General Servant Wanted, one used to plain cooking. Small family; good wages. Call or write.—15 Elms Avenue, Muswell Hill, London, N.

Why neglect yourself, when you can obtain Abdominal Belts, Elastic Stockings, Bandages, Trusses, and Surgical Appliances of all kinds by easy payments? Send for particulars and price, post free, to The Northern Surgical Supply, 60 and 62 Queen's Road, Dalston, London, N.E.

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

The romance of the past week is undoubtedly that of the fortune of General Sir Neville Lyttelton, Chief of the General Staff of the Army, who has come in for one of those exceptional pieces of luck of which we all of us dream at times, but which come to so few men in the course of a life-time. Mr. C. P. Noel, a near neighbour of his in Worcestershire, has, in default of an heir of his own, chosen the General to succeed him as owner of the Bell Hall Estates, consisting of over two thousand acres.

General Lyttelton comes of a marvellous family. Of eight brothers, seven of whom are living to-day, each has made a name in the Church, the Army, law, or politics. Their careers may be briefly summarised as follows:

Charles George succeeded his father as Baron Lyttelton in 1876, and his kinsman the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos as Viscount Cobham in 1889. For many years he was M.P. for East Worcestershire.

Albert Victor is curate-in-charge of St. John's, Hawarden.

Neville Gerald is a lieutenant-general in the Army, with a long career of active service.

George William Spencer was at different periods, totalling eight years in all, private secretary to the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone.

Robert Henry is a solicitor and a member of a well-known London firm.

Edward is the headmaster of Eton College.

Alfred is the ex-Colonial Secretary, and is famed as a cricketer and tennis player.

The eighth brother, Arthur Temple, died in 1903 as Bishop of Southampton.

In India General Lyttelton got a medal and special mention, at Tel-el-Kebir a medal and promotion; he commanded a brigade in the Nile Expedition; he was with Kitchener to Khartoum, and for his services he was raised to the rank of Major-General. In South Africa General Lyttelton was with Sir Redvers Buller's army, and commanded the central brigade at Colenso, and at Spion Kop, while he had 20,000 men under his eye when chasing Botha and De Wet.

General Lyttelton, like his brother Alfred, likes nothing more than a game of cricket—unless it be soldiering. Though not so young as he used to be—he must be close on sixty years of age—he can still play a good game of cricket, and he belongs to the M.C.C., the I Zingari, and the Free Foresters. He is very proud of his old regiment, the Rifle Brigade, and he is said to be more full of common-sense than any other officer in the Army.

Another expedition is shortly about to sail in search of the fabulous treasure which is said to exist upon Cocos Island and in which so many good men and true have already laid down their lives and their fortunes. But there does not seem to be any necessity to go so far afield. Speaking at a meeting of the Thoroton Society in Nottingham, Mr. St. John Hope, the eminent antiquarian, propounded the startling theory that King John's treasure, which is believed to have included the Crown jewels, lost in the Wash, lies in an accessible position awaiting the coming of the enterprising treasure-seeker. Mr. Hope believes that the site is now dry land, the Wellstream having been considerably narrowed since the thirteenth century. He suggests that shafts might be sunk near Sutton Bridge, in Lincolnshire, to find the treasure.

Tailor's Cutter Worth a King's Ransom: A tailor's cutter, named Franz Krutzky, assistant in a large tailoring firm in Vienna, has been left a fortune of £2,400,000 by his uncle. The latter, a timber agent, emigrated to New York, where he bought forest land, and afterwards became owner of a gold mine, to which he owed his wealth.

Mr. H. C. Biron, the new Magistrate at Worship Street, has begun well. His first case last week was in connection with some little boys who were charged with begging about the streets, or not being under proper guardianship, and Mr. Biron gave an admirable definition of the sort of "tittle-tattle" by which we most of use lose our reputations. Here is an extract from the report of the proceedings:

As the school officers proceeded to state the character of the boys from inquiries they had made, his Worship interposed. "We cannot have the results of inquiries," said the magistrate. "Those are your ideas of what somebody else thinks about somebody else."

On Friday last the Pilgrims' Club gave a great banquet at the Savoy Hotel in honour of Lord Curzon of Kedleston, who made a brilliant speech on the subject of our Imperial responsibilities. There was a time, long ago now, when it was the fashion to laugh at Lord Curzon because he took himself and his work so very seriously.

But since then Lord Curzon has justified himself, and no one would think of laughing at him now. He is one of the keenest intellects, one of the hardest workers, the Empire has ever produced. Lord Curzon is "thorough" in everything he does. I did a tour with him all through the famine and plague districts of India, just after he had taken up

A Woman Barrister: A woman barrister has just pleaded her first case at Avignon. She is Mlle. Isnard, and she defended the landlady of an inn who threatened to clear the bar by discharging a revolver. Mlle. Isnard's debut was a great success.

the Viceroyalty, and I was amazed at the industry which he displayed.

Lord Curzon is not by any means a strong man, and at that time he was practically in the hands of his doctor, but he managed, in spite of his ill-health, to put in a marvellous record of work, and he wore out the Government officials and the correspondents long before he gave any indications of being weary himself. Railway journeys, horseback journeys in the plains under a broiling sun to pay surprise visits to segregation camps, banquets and speeches in the evening, and a vast amount of minute reading and official correspondence in between whiles—this was his daily portion for several weeks on end.

And it was the same in Calcutta during the winter season. Lord Curzon would busy himself all day with the usual affairs of State. In the afternoon he would perhaps open a new building, attend a meeting of the Legislative Council, or perform one or another of the hundreds of ceremonies which fall to the lot of a Viceroy during a Calcutta season. In the early evening you would see him driving along the river front or at the races, and, later on, he would have a small dinner party at Government House. Afterwards billiards, perhaps, or conversation with his guests, and "lights out" at eleven o'clock.

But the Viceroy did not go away to sleep. Every night he used to take with him to bed a pile of official reports which would have satisfied any ordinary Government official for the best part of a week. And in the morning the aide-de-camp on duty would find them, with Lord Curzon's caustic notes or recommendations in blue pencil, neatly piled outside his bedroom door.

VALENTIA STEER.

King Teaches Students Politeness: The King of Wurtemberg, who has given some German students a severe lesson in politeness.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

BRITAIN.—No; if the Transvaal were given Home Rule the country would still belong to Great Britain. Home Rule would be for internal government only. In 1877, when Sir Theophilus Shepstone advised the annexation of the Transvaal Republic, the Boers refused to pay taxes, and there was no law to compel them.

H. D. F.—I think the following figures will answer your purpose. The Church of England members and adherents number some 13,000,000; its clergy about 23,000, and its benefices 14,000. In this country the Roman Catholic Church numbers some five and a half million adherents; Wesleyanism over half a million members, and about one million Sunday-school scholars; Primitive Methodism 205,000 members, and nearly half a million Sunday scholars. The Congregationists have in these isles some 5000 churches and about 2,000,000 sittings.

GARSTON.—A Parliamentary candidate is not allowed to pay workers or canvassers, nor is he permitted to pay for the use of vehicles.

R. C. F.—Consult a local picture dealer. Try an advertisement.

A. S.—Mark Twain's real name is Samuel Clemens, and he is an American.

PARENT.—Pitman's shorthand is the most popular system in use. Any bookseller could get you the instruction books.

FARMER.—The pamphlets of the Emigrants' Information Office may be obtained at any free library. If not, write to the office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, London.

ANXIOUS.—It would be very unusual for the bank to give you the information you want. You should not expect them to do so.

ROVER.—When the corn laws were abolished in 1846 by Sir Robert Peel, Free Trade triumphed in this country.

M. L.—Marriage licences, which are available for London or the country, can be obtained in London at the Faculty Office, the Vicar-General's office, or at the Bishop of London's registry office, all in Doctors' Commons, between 10 and 4.

PILOT.—The fatal collision between the saloon steamer Princess Alice and the steam collier Bywell Castle took place on the Thames on Tuesday, September 3, 1878.

SAILOR.—First inquire at the nearest recruiting office. Recruits are now being advertised for. Yes, they have to pay for their uniforms.

C. H.—Write to the secretary of the Church Missionary Society, Salisbury Square, London. He will no doubt be able to tell you.

M. D. T.—A patent medicine vendor's licence would be necessary, and each package would have to bear revenue stamps according to its value.

TAX.—The Income Tax was 8d. in the pound in 1898-9, and is now 1s. in the pound.

D. M. T. (Birkdale).—As you do not give any idea of the amount you wish to spend on books, I have only selected a few to start with that I think will answer your purpose. You can get some of them at 1s. and 2s. each from any bookseller, or, if you write to the Book Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., he could no doubt supply them: "Secrets of Success," Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" Thackeray's "Esmond," "Bacon's Essays," Carlyle's "French Revolution," Macaulay's "History of England," Burnet's "History of His Own Times," Robertson's "Sermons," Huxley's "Essays," and Lockhart's "Life of Napoleon."

T. M.—When it is 12 noon at Greenwich, it would be 2.2 p.m. at St. Petersburg, 12.50 p.m. in Rome, and 12.10 p.m. at Paris.

INQUIRER.—The Duke of Norfolk has, we believe, been a Roman Catholic all his life.

BLUEJACKET.—You are in error as regards the name of the vessel. It was the *Victoria*, one of the largest, newest, and most costly battleships in the Navy, that went ashore on Jan. 29th, 1892, off Sapic Point, near Dragomesti. Extraordinary efforts were made, in which the bluejackets of the fleet greatly distinguished themselves, to lighten the ship and get her off, but it was not until Feb. 5th, after all her broadside guns and stores had been removed, that she was towed from the rocks and taken to Malta. Her injuries were found to be very serious.

N. B. (Farnham).—Write to Randolph Meech, Hamworthy, Poole, Dorset; the cutters range from 25s. to 60s.

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What chance has the weak and puny person to combat the struggles of life compared with the person of muscle and nerve? It is hard for a weak person to have noble sentiments; such things are born of warm blood, healthy nerves, and a strong heart. Everything that strength implies is given to those who will wear

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"York Road, Market Weighton.

Dear Sirs,—I have the greatest pleasure in letting you know that the Appliance has made a great improvement in me. It has braced me up surprisingly, and I have no more pains when walking a long distance. I feel very thankful for what you have done for me, and I am glad to say I am a different man, as it is surprising how it acts. I am much indebted to you for the way you have treated me, and I really do not know how to thank you."

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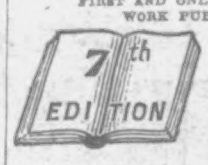

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